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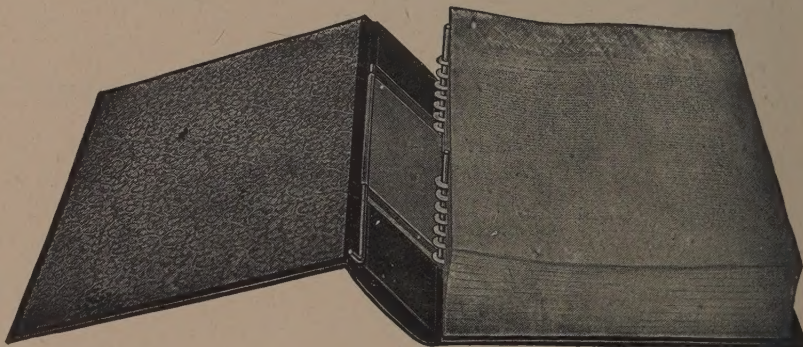
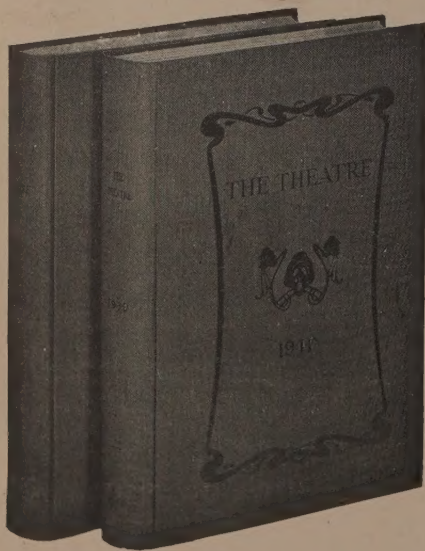
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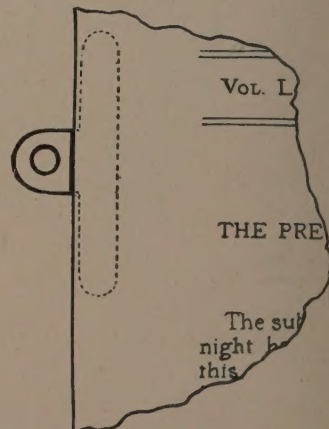
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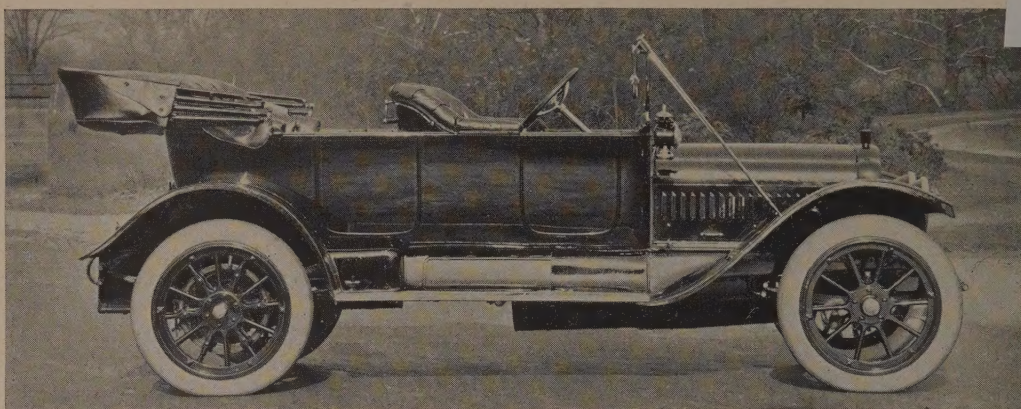
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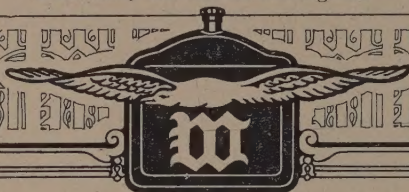
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THE THEATRE

VOL. XVII

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No. 143

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White

MME. SIMONE AS BETTINA IN "THE PAPER CHASE," RECENTLY AT WALLACK'S THEATRE



Marion la Vivandière (Sarah Bernhardt)

SCENE IN "UNE NUIT DE NOEL SOUS LA TERREUR," IN WHICH MME. BERNHARDT IS NOW APPEARING IN VAUDEVILLE

HUDSON. "THE HIGH ROAD." Pilgrimage in five parts, by Edward Sheldon. Produced on November 19th last with this cast:

Winfield Barnes.....Frederick Perry
Alan Wilson.....Charles Waldron
John Stephen Maddock.....Arthur Byron
Silas Page.....Charles Fisher
Harvey Lawrence.....Barrett Clark
Martin Denison.....Lewis Howard
Scott.....Harry J. Holliday

Cornelius Murray.....Aldrich Bowker
Leslie Farley.....Joseph Selman
James R. Kenyon.....F. Van Rennselaer
Leet.....H. Holliday
An Expressman.....Charles Burleigh
Mary Page.....Mrs. Fiske
Esther.....Nina Melville

THE NEW PLAYS

Mr. Sheldon's play, "The High Road," devotes two acts setting forth the early pilgrimage of a woman before she finds herself and her place in the world. Three acts are then devoted to the play proper. We have seen the girl driven away from her country home by its sordidness and narrowness of opportunity; we have seen her living a life of refined luxury in meretricious relations with the man who lured her from home, and then her sudden resolve to redeem herself, to go forth in the world, to be good and do good. She refuses the offer of marriage that would have glossed over her own mishap or mistake of conduct. She becomes known for her efforts in behalf of underpaid labor. She has had a bill prepared that is now before the Governor. The Governor has known her from childhood, but is ignorant of that part of her pilgrimage where she turned aside from an unworthy life. He loves her, he forgives her, he marries her. These first two acts, with their frankness of revelation, may not be necessary to the mechanism of the play, but they establish the woman in our respect and sympathy. Mr. Sheldon knew what he was about when he adopted this rather daring method of handling his material. Moreover, these acts are short, and one does not become impatient with them, for they are interesting and picturesque. The interior, in the second act, of the richly-furnished apartment is the last word in modern decorative refinement. It is worth the while, for the luxury that the awakened woman leaves emphasizes the sincerity of her resolve to lead a better life. In the last three acts we have the "big scenes," which Mr. Sheldon handles with a skill excelled by no one. If they remind one of "Mrs. Dane's Defense" or any other play it is a coincidence of life, and it in no wise detracts from the originality and force of the play. A newspaper proprietor, with overwhelming opportunities to discredit and damage an opponent, having large financial interests also in factories against which the labor bill is directed, recognizes in the Governor's wife the woman who lived unmarried with the man now dead. He threatens to reveal her past unless the Governor kills the bill. The situation is a nat-

ural and not entirely unfamiliar one, but its scenes are worked out in a way that sustains the liveliest uninterrupted inter-

est. With Mrs. Fiske in them they could not be merely theatrical.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "HINDLE WAKES." Play in three acts, by Stanley Houghton. Produced on December 9th with this cast:

Mrs. Hawthorn.....Alice O'Dea
Christopher Hawthorn.....James C. Taylor
Fanny Hawthorn.....Emilie Polini
Mrs. Jeffcote.....Alice Chapin
Ada.....Kathleen MacPherson
Alan Jeffcote.....Roland Young
Sir Anthony Farrar.....Chas. F. Lloyd
Beatrice Farrar.....Dulcie Conry

"Hindle Wakes," by Stanley Houghton, much heralded before its production in New York, proves not unworthy of the praise bestowed on it. It is not an unusual play in its subject, but it is unusual as a study of local character. In other words, it could have been written from living models only. Again, it could be acted only by actors familiar with the life depicted. The company was organized and rehearsed in England by Lewis Cassen, stage director of Miss Horniman's repertoire company, of Manchester. The new idea of the play, if it may be called new, is that a girl who has compromised herself with a young man may act within her rights, and wisely, in refusing the marriage which is arranged in order to right her "wrongs." The girl certainly takes an unconventional view of the matter, but the importance and correctness of that view is open to various opinions. However, the play is what is now commonly described as a "slice from life." The scenes are capital. We do not find them uninteresting at any point. Some of them, perhaps, move slowly, but the dramatist meant them to be slow, and an audience acquainted with the people would be satisfied with the incidental minute portrayal of character. The girl has been away from home for the "week's end." Her parents demand an explanation. She is forced to admit the truth of the charge they bring against her. Her companion was the son of the owner of the mills in which the father works, an old friend who has made a successful career. The two men had begun at the bottom together. The mill owner, when the case is laid before him, decides that his son shall marry the girl. The boy's mother objects. An engagement with another girl of social position has to be broken off. In a scene between these two we have the real philosophy of the piece. She refuses to marry him, holding that the boy's relations with the girl of the mills already constitutes marriage. The girl of the mills refuses to marry the rich owner's son because she does not think he really loves her, and that she might destroy her own hap-

pininess by marrying him. The acting of the play, uniformly good, makes all this convincing. The actors, imported from London, were new to our stage. A highly favorable impression was made by Herbert Lomas as the stern, blunt mill owner.

LYRIC. "THE FIREFLY." Comedy opera in three acts with book and lyrics by Otto Hauerbach, and music by Rudolf Friml. Produced on December 2d last with the following cast:

Sybil Vandare, Vera De Rosa; Suzette, Ruby Norton, Pietro, Sammy Lee; Geraldine Vandare, Audrey Maple; Jack Travers, Craig Campbell; John Thurston, Melville Stewart; Mrs. Vandare, Katherine Stewart; Jenkins, Roy Atwell; Herr Franz, Henry Vogel; Nina, Emma Trentini; Antonio Colombo, Irene Cassini; Correlli, George Williams.

This "comedy opera," to which Rudolf Friml, a retired piano virtuoso, has written the music, is one of the best things of the season. There is not a coarse nor a vulgar thing in it; not an act nor an actor that hurts your finer sensibilities; there is something more than vacuum where a plot should be; the music is good, the libretto is clean and amusing, if not startlingly clever or funny, and the singing is excellent. The piece is obviously built around the leading lady, but when that leading lady happens to be Emma Trentini, a little person with a big voice, much charm and an abundance of good spirits, this cannot be set down as an objection. Though Miss Trentini has excellent support in Roy Atwell, Vera De Rosa, Ruby Norton, Sammy Lee, Audrey Maple and Melville Stewart, she has to carry the greater part of the responsibility of making her audience like the play, and she does it.

WALLACK'S. "THE PAPER CHASE." Comedy in four acts by Louis N. Parker, founded on Henry Mountoy's novel, "The Minister of Police." Produced on November 25th with this cast:

Duke of Richelieu.....	Edgar Kent	Langlois	Henry Duggan
Marquis of Belange.....	Julian L'Estrange	Dubois	Alec F. Thompson
Marquis of Joyeuse.....	Dallas Anderson	Leseur	Frank L. Davis
Lavenne	Geoffrey Stein	Duchess of Senlis.....	Belle Starr
Gaspard	Charles Francis	Marchioness Joyeuse.....	Pauline Frederick
Bertrand	Douglas Ross	Countess Harlan-court..	Edith Cartwright
Boehmer	Pedro de Cordoba	Bettina	Madame Simone

In "The Paper Chase," by Louis N. Parker, who, in his more earnest moods, has furnished us with some very agreeable come-

dies, Mme. Simone, as the Baroness, is delightful; and she alone makes the play worth seeing, but it is to be regretted that she is compelled to spend her talent on anything so insignificant. The production and the performance have many pleasing aspects, but the dramatic action of the play is too tame and meaningless to promise more than a complimentary public patronage for a short time in recognition of the fine qualities of our French

visitor. Mr. Parker describes his play as an "irresponsible comedy" and "an all but historical play," which latter definition means that it may have happened. It may have happened, but not quite in the way that the happy-go-lucky author says it did. The Baroness of Schoenberg, a lady-in-waiting on Queen Marie Antoinette, intercepts some papers from the Duc de Richelieu (who desires, for political reasons, to discredit the Queen in the King's eyes), and thereby saves her mistress incidentally placing Monsieur le Duc and his intimate friends in an embarrassing position. The Marquis of Belange, who loves a married woman who will be compromised if the papers are discovered by the wrong persons, essays to recover them. In the meanwhile, his fickle nature has unwittingly transferred his affections to the lovely Baroness. This lovely unknown admits that she loves him in return. Upon discovering her identity, and believing she has lied to him as to the where-

abouts of the papers, he turns against her, and determines to secure the papers at any cost. She now agrees to return the papers and the documents to Richelieu provided that Belange will marry her and return with her to her native Austria. Belange consents with good grace; the Baroness, by threat of exposure, compels her enemies to purchase her trousseau, and they depart together. The ominousness of undefined papers! Mr. Parker has relied too much on it. No one knew what they contained—not even the author, who declined responsibility at the very beginning. They had as well been waste paper. At best, the play is an exceedingly shoddy piece of work, hanging together by the most obvious of theatrical devices.



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White Roy Atwell

Audrey Maple

Emma Trentini Katherine Stewart Ruby Norton

Craig Campbell

SCENE IN "THE FIREFLY," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



From a painting by Ed. Simmons

JOHN KELLERD AS HAMLET

HARRIS. "MERE MAN." Comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced on November 25th with the following cast:

Mary	Helen Hancock	Trowbridge	William Sampson
Annie	Fan Bourke	Dr. Pierson	Orlando Daly
Judson	Tom Graves	Kinsley	DeWitt C. Jennings
Mrs. Fanwood	Kathryn Decker	Esther Lennard	Chrystal Herne
Margaret	Helen Orr Daly	Molloy	Charles Sturges
Ada Hawley	Minnette Barrett	Shoenbock	Robert B. Kegerreis
David Hawley	Clifford Bruce	Dan Riardo	Sedley Brown, Jr.

"Mere Man" was so unsatisfactory, as a whole, that it was withdrawn after the first week. Recent managerial policy abandons a production if the receipts of the box office fall below a certain weekly figure; in other words, below expenses. There was a time, not long distant, when this rule was not followed, when adverse newspaper criticism was disregarded, when further trial was hopefully expected to reverse that opinion. A manager should have judgment of his own and not adopt arbitrary rules; but in this case we think the rule was properly applied. As to the play

itself, interest in it was centred nowhere. The opening scenes, in which a maid is accused by her mistress of stealing a pair of gloves, in which the lie was passed, the servant, although guilty, finally throwing the gloves to the floor as a present to her mistress, were by no means pleasing or in the spirit of comedy. To give a detailed account of the story and its events would prove that Mr. Thomas was more intent on delivering his philosophies eloquently than on unfolding a logical, real and dramatic story. The play was unquestionably a failure; and yet its individual scenes were in the usual entertaining manner of Mr. Thomas. The cast was of exceptional excellence.

BROADWAY. "THE SUN DODGERS." Fanfare of frivolity in two acts with book by Edgar Smith, lyrics and music by E. Ray Goetz and A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced on November 30th with this cast:

Praline Nutleigh	Bessie Wynn	Hiram Hubbs	Nat Fields
Mrs. Honoria O'Day	George W. Monroe	Todd Hunter	Denman Maley
P. V. Hawkins	Harry Fisher	Sam Porter	Jerry Hart
Rose Hubbs	Ann Tasker	Vera Light	Nan Brennan
Wakeleigh Knight	Harold Crane	Trixie Turner	Maud Gray

At last it has come out in the open; at last it has crystallized: the whole vicious organization of perverted and anæmic minds that devise nothing but ways to escape the ennui of business or any wholesome work—tolerated only because it is a necessary evil—to find a continuous, joyous dissipation of the things requiring effort; lo! "The Sun Dodgers." They live in the night in their dives and rathskellars, their lobster palaces and their whirling cars; they rise when the sun sets and go to bed when it glides up in the east. Wakeleigh Knight is the dominant spirit of this enterprise, and his widowed aunt, rolling in wealth and *embonpoint*, the financial backing. Together they found Sunless City; and after the supposedly mirth-compelling qualities of that idea are exhausted (and the audience not yet having their money's worth of killed time), the Widow O'Day sells the city and purchases an automatic restaurant, and, to make the connection logical, gives an imitation tabloid melodrama with the assistance of her fiancé and a stagehand, says the Sun Dodger idea was never good anyhow, sees the nephew united to Praline, a vaudeville star, and takes the arm of her fiancé, assistant eccentric comedian. Is everybody happy? If not, it really doesn't matter, for the time is up and our use of other people's originality has run out. George Monroe, as the Widow O'Day in this amazingly bad piece of theatrical craftsmanship, is the same as ever, with a healthy laugh and a contortionist's ability to say yes and no. Harry Fisher, as the fiancé, is only mildly amusing. Bessie Wynn is called Praline, but she really is only herself, an infinitely better identity, for she is pleasing of voice and manner, although her songs are foolish.

GARDEN. "HAMLET." Tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Produced on November 18th with this cast:

Claudius	Chas. A. Stevenson	A Priest	David George
Hamlet	John E. Kellard	Marcelus	Robert Vivian
Horatio	Harvey Braban	First Player	Harry Calver
Polonius	Elwyn Eaton	First Gravedigger	Theodore Hamilton
Leertes	Edward Mackay	Second Gravedigger	Arthur Edwards
Rosencrantz	Nicholas Joy	Gertrude	Amelia Gardner
Guildenstern	Edwin Cushman	Ophelia	Margaret Campbell
Osric	Aubri Percival	Ghost	Theodore Roberts

Mr. John E. Kellard is giving a series of classic plays at the Garden Theatre. His personal fitness for such serious work is to be conceded. His principal play has been "Hamlet." The production has been very simple, but accuracy in scenery and costumes has not been disregarded. It is possible that, of recent years, the public has become accustomed to elaboration in these particulars, but, as Hamlet himself says, "The Play's the Thing," an utterance that plainly included the acting.

HARRIS. "THE INDISCRETION OF TRUTH." Comedy-drama in four acts by J. Hartley Manners, founded on Wilkie Collins' novel "Man and Wife." Produced on November 18th with this cast:

Donald Tweedle	Richard Purdon	Truth Coleridge	Anne Meredith
Capt. Wm. Greville, R.N.	Henry Mortimer	Mrs. Radnor	Muriel Starr
Kate Stirling	Violet K. Cooper	Bruce Darrell	Walter Hampden
Lady Stirling	Nina Herbert	Henry Marston	Alexander Frank
Sir George Stirling, Bart.	Frank K. Cooper	Ben Knivett	Dan Collyer
		Thomas	William Eville

"The Indiscretion of Truth," by J. Hartley Manners, was quickly withdrawn. The play was founded on Wilkie Collins'

novel, "Man and Wife," from which a number of plays have been written and have been seen on the New York stage. Naturally this play lacked novelty in spite of a certain originality of treatment. The attempt was made to impart more comedy to the story and to avoid any agonizing emotion. This was not entirely successful. A middle-aged guardian of a girl engaged in a love affair, if it might be so called, with a young girl, the real love scenes coming only in the last act, could not give importance to this part of the transaction. Three acts are devoted to getting the girl out of her entanglements. The play lacked novelty and for that reason failed. It was well acted. Mr. Frank Kemble Cooper is an actor of distinction, not only in his fine art, but in his history. We hope that other and better opportunities on our stage will speedily come to him. Players of excellence were employed in the performance, but nothing availed.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING." Comedy in three acts by William Shakespeare. Produced on November 25th with this cast:

Don Pedro, Percy Lyndal; Don John, W. Mayne Lynton; Claudio, John Westley; Benedick, Frank Reicher; Leonato, Fred W. Permain; Antonio, Holland Hudson; Balthazar, Clifford Devereux; Borachio, Edward Longman; Conrade, Harold Meltzer; Friar Francis, Thomas F. Fallon; Dogberry, George Giddens; Verges, Sidney D. Carlyle; Seacoal, Littledale Power; Oatcake, Robert Murray; Hero, Rose Bender; Beatrice, Annie Russell; Ursula, Henrietta Goodwin; Margaret, Mary Murillo; A Lady-in-Waiting, Sybil Maitland.

Neither temperamentally nor physically is Miss Annie Russell suited to Beatrice. With her intelligence and training she naturally could not wholly fail in the rôle, but in a part of such brilliancy, fire, truth and poetry, something more than capable mediocrity is needed. And so "Much Ado About Nothing" has, for the time being at least, been temporarily retired from her repertoire. The method of presenting the comedy, pseudo-Shakespearian, was distinctly novel, sufficiently illuminative and artistically appropriate; while the costumes were beautifully rich and picturesque. Frank Reicher was a capable Benedick, nothing more; Percy Lyndal, a sound and imposing Don Pedro; while the droll humors of Dogberry were brought into vital relief by George Giddens, a stirring artist and delightful player.

WINTER GARDEN "BROADWAY TO PARIS." Musical causerie in two acts. Book and lyrics by George Bronson-Howard and Harold Atteridge;

music by Max Hoffman, and additional numbers by Anatol Friedland. Produced on November 20th with this cast:

Apollo	George Austin Moore	Anne Trelawney.....	Gertrude Hoffmann
Momus	Henry Awd	Hilary Ravenshaw.....	Lee Chapin
Stuyvesant Van Cortlandt.....	James C. Duffy	Alfonse	Mr. Maurice
Isabelle Montclair.....	Marion Sunshine	Fifi	Florence Walton
Lafe Sherlock.....	Ralph Austin	Mr. Montague Potash.....	Sam Mann
Rafe Holmes.....	James C. Morton	Miss Leonora Longacre.....	Louise Dresser
Heinrich Le Nois.....	George Bickel	An Artiste.....	Mlle. Bordon

A lively show this and one that lives up to the best traditions of the Winter Garden. There are hosts of pretty girls, no end of songs and some feverish rag-time dancing that brings down the house. With such favorites as Gertrude Hoffmann, Florence Walton and Mr. Maurice as special features, little wonder that the box-office is besieged nightly.

WEBER AND FIELDS. "Roly Poly." Burlesque by Edgar Smith, E. Ray Goetz and Baldwin Sloane. Produced on November 21st with this cast:

Reuben Hayes, Arthur Aylsworth; Mollie Maguire, Helena Collier Garrick; Percy Fitzsimmons, Jack Norworth; Hiram Fitzsimmons, Frank Daniels; Bijou Fitzsimmons; Marie Dressler; Michael Schmalz; Joe Weber; Meyer Talzmann, Lew Fields; La Frolique, Nora Bayes; Cerita, Bessie Clayton; Katrina, Hazel Kirke; Herr Blotz, Thomas Beauregard.

Weber and Fields have come to be a recognized national institution. No matter what they offer, be the program good or bad, you always must laugh in spite of yourself. Their latest offering excels in elaboration of *mise-en-scène* anything heretofore attempted and the program presents such a formidable array of talent that it is practically an all-star cast. Marie Dressler, Frank Daniels, in addition to the stars, keep the house in an uproar. Bessie Clayton does some graceful dancing.

MANHATTAN. "THE WHIP." Melodrama of

English sporting life in four acts by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Produced on November 22d with the following cast:

Earl of Brancaster.....	John Halliday	Lord Clanmore.....	Basil West
Rev. Haslam.....	Lumsden Hare	Bunting	Alac Fraser
Marquis of Beverley.....	Robert Jarman	Hon. Mrs. Beamish.....	Marie Illington
Captain Sartoris.....	Charles Blackall	Lady Sartoris.....	Evelyn Kerry
Harry Anson.....	Dion Titheradge	Mrs. D'Aquilla.....	Leonore Harris
Tom Lambert.....	Ambrose Manning	Myrtle Anson.....	Mona Morgan
Joe Kelly.....	John L. Shine	Lady Antrobus.....	Lillian Kellar
Sir Andrew Beck.....	W. Croft	Miss Carlyon.....	Miss Michael
Captain Rayner.....	Horace Pollock	Mrs. Purley.....	Lois Arnold

This is a stirring old-fashioned melodrama such as delighted theatre-goers of two decades ago. A sporting drama, much after the style of "In Old Kentucky," the big scene in "The Whip" is a remarkably realistic train wreck.



Byron

Mary Page (Mrs. Fiske)

Alan Wilson (Charles Waldron)

Mary Page: "There are some who have even heard the songs they sing!"

SCENE IN EDWARD SHELDON'S PLAY, "THE HIGH ROAD," AT THE HUDSON THEATRE



White

Gertrude Hoffmann

George Bickel

SCENE IN "BROADWAY TO PARIS," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE WINTER GARDEN

Settling a Case of Disputed Authorship

THE twenty-sixth of November last was made a red-letter day by David Belasco in the history of disputed plays.

In the morning he gave a performance of "The Woman," by W. C. DeMille, and in the afternoon he produced for the first time on any stage "Tainted Philanthropy," by Abraham Goldknopf, who claimed that the DeMille play was a plagiarism of his own.

It was a most interesting occasion. In point of fact, it was the most curious event that has ever been recorded in stage annals. It was unique. The audience that was assembled was as critical as could possibly be collected. Such an audience naturally scented entertainment. For that matter, its keen intelligence needed no further hint than the invitation to come and sit in judgment. For the first known time the deadly parallel of performance was to be instituted. Mr. Belasco gave to this play as competent a cast as he could put his hands on, and that means the best. He followed the stage directions of the author, and not in the slightest shade of the interpretation was there anything but entire good faith.

"The Woman," as we know, concerns the efforts of a group of Congressional landgrabbers to kill the opposition of a fellow member of Congress by revealing a scandalous incident in his life. They had learned that he once spent a week at a country hotel with a woman of good society, her name unknown to them; that this woman was now married, and that he would probably surrender to them rather than disgrace her. This woman turns out to be the wife of one of the group, and the daughter of another one of them. Without this condition of affairs there would have been no play. "Tainted Philanthropy" concerned the effort of a young man, made penniless in a Wall Street transaction by the treachery or design of a millionaire manipulator, to divert the affections of a young woman from himself to this same millionaire in order that she may be richly provided for, while he himself submitted to hopeless ruin and renounced all claim on her.

Mr. Goldknopf's cerebral activity is not to be disputed. He is, in fact, and as appears in his play, a Socialist, and it is not to be imagined that he wrote the play with any marked placidity of feeling or that he was not hitting at something. He sets up as his type of the American millionaire a vulgarian without conscience, who ruins everybody in his immediate neighborhood and

makes it impossible for the victims whom he robs ever to make another dollar as long as they live. He forces the young man to take to the bottle and drink himself to death in full and almost constant view of the audience. It may be remarked that the men in "The Woman" are the most singularly abstemious people we ever saw on the stage, considering that their activities were carried on in a fashionable hotel with a convenient bar, and that they were American Congressmen. None was rich; each wanted to get rich by stealing something from the Government. Mr. Goldknopf's multimillionaire had already stolen everything he could lay his hands on, and he was now devoting his time, attention and energies to marrying the beautiful maiden.

The curtain rose on "Tainted Philanthropy" with the Mother of the Maiden primping herself at the glass and considering the possibilities of her charms if industriously exercised on a man of money. The character and the sordidness of the Mother were not unpromising in a dramatic way, to begin with, although the colors were laid on crudely. It was only when a messenger came and delivered "a paper," which the Mother read and dropped with an agonized exclamation that "the mortgage" had to be paid that the humor of the morbid and entirely serious play asserted itself.

It was not that Mr. Goldknopf was without ideas. Some of the observations of the characters were philosophic and shrewd, but inevitably morbid. His point of view was so un-American that it could only be laughed at. For instance, he has it said that we have a day on which to celebrate our independence, when in reality we have lost our independence. There is some truth in that if you look at it with your eyes asquint. But what was absurd in the matter of common sense was that he made the Fourth of July the occasion for the introduction of the confidential clerk of the multimillionaire, a helpless creature who did everything his master bid him to do, contenting himself with the expression, "A nasty world." A curious figure he was as a kind of chorus.

Mr. Goldknopf's characters were grossly overdrawn, but his purpose was serious. That "Tainted Philanthropy" was found amusing is a small matter. The one thing of moment that was decided by the Judge and by the audience is that there is not the slightest resemblance between "The Woman" and "Tainted Philanthropy."

W. T. P.

Scenes in J. Hartley Manners' Comedy, "Peg o' My Heart" at the Cort



Photos White Emilie Melville Laurette Taylor Clarence Handyside Peter Bassett Christine Norman Hassard Short
Act I. Peg (Miss Taylor): "She has her dog in here"



Laurette Taylor
Act I. Peg arrives at the home of her wealthy relatives



H. Reeves Smith Laurette Taylor
Act I. Peg: "I'd have gone back to him only I couldn't swim"

AT THE OPERA



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SIGNOR SCOTTI IN "TOSCA"

A FULL month of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House has proven that the New York opera-loving public is as eager as ever for opera, and it has also shown that the artistic reign of Giulio Gatti-Casazza is uncompromising in its high ideals. It has not been a sensation-ally exciting month, save for a few instances; and it has not been crowded to its length with novel-ties, or even with new productions of revivals. Some of these latter have suffered postponement because of the delayed arrival of Frieda Hempel, German color-ato, who has been a victim of tonsilitis. Nor has Arturo Toscanini, famous Italian conductor, yet arrived, although he is on the high seas at the time of writing. Once these artists arrive the promised list of revivals and novelties

will then come in profusion, and we shall fairly revel in music.

As it is, the month has not been barren of artistic high lights, for during this time was produced the revival of Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte," which stands prominently forth as one of the greatest achievements of the Metropolitan during the present dictatorship. Mozart's work has languished here for years. The reason for this neglect was not far to seek, for, despite the heavenly beauties of some of its music, the libretto is the most inane and uninteresting compilation of rubbish ever glorified by music. Efforts have been made in the past to convert this opera into a spectacle, but these were futile, for it was never approached with the right cunning. In Germany the opera has recently been revived in various cities, and Gatti-Casazza viewed these productions, took from each the most desirable points, discarded the rest, and then placed the whole scheme into the hands of the Berlin scenic artist, Kautsky. The latter allowed his imagination to run riot in this wilderness of a tale created by Schickaneder.

The result, as produced at the Metropolitan, is little short of a miracle, for, instead of proving an endless bore, "Die Zauberflöte" in its present revival speeds along amazingly fast. Fourteen big scenes are shown within a production time of two and a half hours. And these scenes are among the most beautiful ever shown here. Gorgeous costumes, properties and crowds all lend their share to the scenes of pageantry. Merely as a spectacle, it is a glorious performance.

Musically, it is even more than that. The fact that the eye is ravished does not in any way diminish the artistic offering for the ear. Highest praise should be accorded to Alfred Hertz, conductor, who has lavished such infinite care upon this production and who proved for the first time that he could conduct Mozart with reverence for that master's delicacy.

As for singing artists, there were ten Americans in this big cast of singers, which bare statement alone should silence some of the silly complaints that, like the prophet, the American artist is without honor save in his own country. One of these new American singers, Edward Lankow, a bass, created a mild sensation. He is a member of the Boston Opera Company, and has a remarkably beautiful, deep voice, which thrilled his listeners in the rôle of the High Priest, Sarastro.

Another of these Americans proved a keen disappointment, however, Ethel Parks, singing the "Queen of the Night" in a manner that was little more than amateurish. She sang the staccati high notes in tune, but there praise rests, for her voice is too small, and its quality hardly entitles

it to be heard at the Metropolitan. Still, it was by accident that she appeared in this production at all, since this rôle was to have been sung by Frieda Hempel.

For the rest, the cast was admirable. Destinn, as Pamina, has never sung so well. Slezak, as Tamino, surprised his oldest listeners by the lyric charm of his singing. Goritz, as Papageno, was simply unapproachable in his comedy. Reiss, as the Moor, was a close second. Bella Alten was excellent as Papagena. Griswold was nobility itself in the small part of the Priest. The "Three Ladies" were sung by Vera Curtis (who made her début then), Mulford and Homer. The "Three Youths" were taken by Sparkes, Case and Mattfeld. It was such an admirable performance that it has at once earned a new operatic lease of life for Mozart's immortal music. The public greeted and accepted it enthusiastically, and it promises to remain in fixture for years to come in the repertoire of this opera house.

Titta Ruffo, much heralded Italian baritone, has been heard at the Metropolitan, singing the title rôle in Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet" in the first performance given here this season by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. The whole event centred about Ruffo, so much having been dinged and donged into the public's ear about this eminent baritone who drew the princely salary of two thousand dollars a night—a sum hitherto unheard of by baritones. Ruffo is a sensational artist. He has high tones that any tenor would be proud to possess, he has an endless supply of breath, and boasts an agility of voice that is amazing.

The rest of the performance may be dismissed briefly. Zeppilli, as Ophelia, showed improvement over her former singing, but she was still inadequate for the florid music of the "Mad Scene," which has been the stalking horse of really great singers of her class. Eleanora de Cisneros, as the



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SIGNOR DE SEGUROLA IN "LA BOHEME"



White

FRANCES STARR

Who is now appearing in Edward Locke's play, "The Case of Becky," at the Belasco Theatre

IT was Sunday afternoon. Frances Starr and the present writer sat at one of the broad windows of

Becky's Point of View

her eyrie on the highest floor of a hotel that looked straight into the winding drives, the autumn browns and belated green plots, and the splashes of liquid silver of Central Park. The young actress sat with hands crossed resignedly upon her silver gray velvet lap, a pensive look in her thoughtful eyes. A trim French maid in black and white hovered about her mistress with tender solicitude.

"Doesn't it look conventional and laid out, as though it were a real estate map of a town that is going to be?" said Miss Starr, referring to the park. "In a little while, when we drive through it, it will seem far more imposing. The trees will look bigger and the statues greater. It is a great lesson in the relativity of things to live where one can look down upon them from the sixteenth floor. The point of view is always an

important element in everything."

Despite her brief age, about the middle twenties, this actress is a sage

young person, of confirmed, thoughtful habit.

"For instance, your point of view about Becky?"

"I read one hundred and fifty books on similar subjects and have thought continuously about her for eighteen months."

"Then what do you think of her? Was she insane?"

"Not a bit. Absolutely not. Most decidedly no."

"To the lay mind she was a girl who, vulgarly speaking, went 'off her head' now and then. Why don't you agree with the layman?"

"Because I have accepted the well-known fact that you can't hypnotize a lunatic. He can't be hypnotized because he cannot concentrate. The difference between the insane person and all others is his inability to focus his mental powers long enough to pass into the hypnotic state. Becky was hypnotized, not once.

but often, which proves that she was sane. She was mentally affected but not a lunatic."

"The line of cleavage between the two states being——?"

"Being the susceptibility of being hypnotized."

"Accepting that, how do you class Becky?"

"She was a girl of the tents. She had lived a wandering life with this Balzamo and had taken on some of the outward coarseness of her environment. When the hypnotist who had lured her mother from her home, and whom she had been taught to believe was her father, began to make love to her she was so shocked and terrified that she ran away and her brain was affected by the strain upon it. Under the gentler influences of her new surroundings the actual girl, Dorothy, manifested herself more and more.

"But she is still in a state of hypnosis under Balzamo's influence, and when he follows her to her retreat he brings her into his presence in a curious way that few notice and understand. You can't sit in one room and will a person to come into it. That can't be done. The students of the influence of a stronger mind upon a weaker, which is hypnotism, all agree about that. There must be a visible or audible reminder that connects the present state with the past. Balzamo, when he enters Dr. Emerson's office and tosses off his coat, coughs slightly and looks up the stairs. During his conversation with Dr. Emerson he coughs again, slightly, and she comes into the room saying, 'You called me and I come.' He had said to her long before 'Wherever you are, when you hear me cough you will come to me and obey me.' That command remained at the back of her mind and she obeyed it. On such trifles the control of lesser minds is secured.

"Becky lived in the subconsciousness. She was always there.

The subconsciousness works twenty-four hours a day, be its owner waking or sleeping, it is always active. The superconsciousness is at work, say eleven hours a day. Dorothy represented, we will say, the superconsciousness."

"Do you believe in the theory of dual personality?"

"Most emphatically, yes. I see it exemplified in myself. I find myself Beckying. I surprise myself by what I do and say at times. I call up someone by telephone and wonder afterward why I telephoned a person in whom I had no interest, sending a message that had no purpose. I get into unexplainable moods. That is my other self become active after slumbering. My contradictions and inconsistencies I explain in that way, and the explanation is perfectly satisfactory to me.

"We hear of some man, 'He is a fiend down town and an angel at home.' Recently in a famous murder trial the prosecutor said this was claimed of the prisoner, but that it was impossible. 'A man can't be a demon for twelve hours a day and a seraph the rest,' he sneered. No, I don't at all agree with him. Ask a man's employees what they think of him, and then go to his home and ask his family. You will be amazed at the difference in the replies. That difference does not prove that he is a hypocrite. It proves my theory of the two selves living in all of us. We hear of elopements of lovely girls from refined homes with men far be-

neath them. Those girls are hypnotized. The other and inferior self has been summoned.

"There are many instances of this dual personality known to the psychologists. The case of Anson Bourne, referred to in the play, is a famous one of two characters in one person. That of Luracy Vanum is another. She insisted that she was Mary Roth and went to live with the Roths, staying there three months. The case of Sally is the most remarkable one of multiple personalities. Sally had four distinct characters. In her usual person she was a sensitive rather æsthetic person. In another she was intensely practical, in a third frivolous and in the fourth dull, colorless and neutral. She recovered in time and became permanently the original Sally. She is living in Boston still."

"Isn't it true that every part you create is a liberal education or a step in education?"

"I am sure of it. 'The Rose of the Rancho' taught me how poetry and romance may be made to beautify life. In 'The Easiest Way' I learned how every sort of life may be possible under certain conditions. Before that I had been inclined to think of girls like Laura Murdock as uninteresting and simply 'not nice.' Solving the problem of her character taught me to concentrate upon every situation in life, and understand it. 'The Case of Becky' is the most difficult character because it requires the continual activity of the imagination. Art, as I regard it, is successful imagining.

"It seems to me one of the most difficult rôles ever played."

Miss Starr smiled. "I think so," she said. "Other actresses may think what they are doing is the most difficult. But dealing, as it does, with the mind, it is subtle and evasive, hard to grasp, and, having grasped, to hold. A part that is one of feeling and

appeals to the heart is not so hard to play. But for this the mind must be perfectly fresh at every performance. I have noticed, as I have heard others say they have, that there seems to be a break in a part when actors leave the stage. A scene is played, the actor leaves the stage and when he comes back you feel that he hasn't been living the part, that he has to catch up the thread and begin living it again, in other words, there is a sense of disconnection. That I've tried to avoid. I have the feeling when Becky is being psychically murdered, mentally assassinated, that her personality oozes from my finger tips. So when Dorothy is transformed into Becky there is a fluid-like sensation as of something escaping at the tips of my fingers. Whichever of these girls has left the stage I keep her in the foreground of my consciousness. I feel what is passing within her until she appears again. The rôle is exacting and exhausting."

The star of the strangest play on the American boards looked very wistful and very young.

"Is it worth the sacrifice?" I asked.

A slender hand descended upon mine with a firm grasp.

A pair of earnest eyes squarely met mine. The mantle of girlish personality dropped disclosing the woman of brain and power and inflexible determination.

"Yes," she said. Her voice rang with conviction. "Yes and yes again. Achievement is the one thing wholly satisfying in life." M. MORGAN.



Bangs
MADGE TITHERADGE
Playing Peggy in "The Butterfly on the Wheel," on the road



Photo Strauss-Peyton

MRS. ROBERT MANTELL (GENEVIEVE HAMPER)
Who is appearing with her husband in Shakespearian repertoire on the road



"War is a peaceful occupation compared with managing a grand opera company," says General Manager Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera House. "Sometimes I think I would like to go to war for a vacation!"

Rehearsing Grand Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House

FEW opera devotees have the slightest conception of the enormous work necessary for the preparation of a season of grand opera. Running a Presidential campaign, such as the three-ring political circus with its many party side shows that provided amusement for the nation during the last few months, is as child's play compared with getting ready for the grand opera season. Not even the staging, auspicious opening and telling run of the Bulgarian War, in planning and executing, is to be compared, except in the toll of life, to a season's campaign of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"War is a peaceful occupation compared with managing a grand opera company," says Impresario Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company. "Sometimes I think I would like to go to war for a vacation!"

And this general of the greatest grand opera army in the world did have a war training before taking up the more artistic work of grand opera management. He attended the Italian naval college in Leghorn, Italy, for three years and was graduated a midshipman. Then he studied civil engineering for five years before taking up his present work.

Mr. Gatti—that is what his friends call him—said he would like to go to war for a vacation. That is exactly what he did at the conclusion of the last season at the Metropolitan. As soon as the big opera house closed its doors he remained here long enough to arbitrate some important labor troubles. Then he fled abroad—but not to rest. For months he haunted opera houses of France, Germany and Italy, seeking novelties, hearing an army of singers, conferring with costume-makers and scenic artists.

As soon as the first new production was settled upon, scenery



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SIGNOR GATTI-CASAZZA

and costumes were ordered and shipped to New York. The opera selected for the first big new production, Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte"—("The Magic Flute")—though a revival, so far as scenery and cast are concerned, is practically a novelty. Entirely new scenery was painted by Hans Krautsky in Berlin, and came over here in rolls. Some of the scenes in this revival were designed and painted from photographs taken in India by the Crown Prince of Germany about two years ago. The canvas was mounted on frames, and then hung and put together, lighted, criticised and adjusted until it would pass muster with the high Metropolitan standards, under the supervision of Mr. Edward Siedle, the technical director.

Hardly had the doors closed on the last night of the last season of grand opera at the Metropolitan than a flooring was built over the orchestra seats about on a level with the stage. This platform at once became the opera carpenter shop. With the stage cleared for action a force of thirty-five carpenters, scene paint-

ers, electricians and helpers were turned loose in this impromptu carpenter shop under the direction of Mr. Siedle. Every shabby bit of old scenery was brought from the various storehouses, put up, inspected, and wherever there was any sign of wear the painter's art and brush were applied.

Early in the fall Mr. Gatti returned from his quest for singers and novelties abroad, one of the first on the scene. Like in the navy when the admiral arrives the squadron fires a salute, so when Mr. Gatti stepped on the stage he received one also. Suddenly the lights went out and all the theatrical thunder and lightning of the place were turned loose. The giant cannon balls which are used to represent the destruction of Klingsor's palace in "Parsifal" were allowed to drop from their place in the

highest flies to the stage pit, and men stationed in the fly galleries blew trumpets in odd keys. All the time the lightning flashed. The effect, which was awe-inspiring, had been advised by Assistant Stage Manager Loomis H. Taylor, the young wizard who last year staged the American grand opera, "Mona."

After this rousing reception, Mr. Gatti spent days and nights in the opera house, viewing and discussing the new sets of scenery with Mr. Siedle. Then Mr. Alfred Hertz, the German conductor, arrived, and he, too, was greeted with plenty of stage thunder as a salute.

Without a moment's delay these three executives began to plot and scheme, try out scenery, experiment with lighting effects, and attend to a thousand and one troublesome details. When all the scenery had been built, the false flooring was taken up from the orchestra seats, the stage was rid of carpenters, and rehearsals began in earnest—first, scenery alone; then scenery and lights.

Under the careful scrutiny of Mr. Gatti and the direction of Mr. Siedle, the lights were arranged down to the finest *nuance*. Then with the scenes set, all the technical business was gone through—thunder, lightning, sunshine and shadow. Mr. Anton Schertel, stage manager for German opera, and young Mr. Taylor, were in charge of the stage.

In the meantime the rehearsals of the chorus and soloists were going on under the various conductors in the different rehearsal rooms. Then came the first *arranger* rehearsal,—placing the chorus, ballet and supers—with piano only. They were taken through all the entrances and exits, gestures, and movements necessary for the big procession at the end of the first act of "The Magic Flute."

Next came the *arranger* rehearsals with soloists, going over all the business with the "props" they have to use, with piano only. Charles Ross, the head property man, must see that every "prop" is on hand for every rehearsal—spears, knives, armor, and a hundred little things. Then the soloists and chorus came together with the ballet and supers, and all worked together with the piano.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hertz had been rehearsing the orchestra upstairs on the roof stage, and when everything went well on the stage with the piano, the soloists, chorus, ballet and supers rehearsed with the orchestra and with full set scenes and lights.

After this combined rehearsal, which was repeated several times, came the first dress rehearsal, at which the minutest details of the costumes were scrutinized by Mr. Gatti and the stage managers. There were three dress rehearsals, the first to see the costumes; the second, for the management; and the third, the invitation rehearsal, for the critics. This was given about two days before the opening performance.

For about three weeks before the opening of the grand opera season rehearsals were held every night, as well as day. The entire company began rehearsing at ten o'clock in the morning

and continued right through, often until midnight or after.

The principals began to arrive about two weeks before the opening of the season. As soon as they landed they hurried right up to the opera house, before going to their hotel, and got a rehearsal slip from Mr. Schertel, telling them when to appear to "tune up." Assistant Conductor Francesco Romei writes down the rehearsals of the singers in a big book—the rehearsal book.

There was a wealth of detail that had to be worked out by the stage managers before the final rehearsals, such as the positions, entrances and exits of all the people; and "The Magic Flute" called for many intricate mechanical contrivances. One of these was an invisible platform on which The Queen of the Night, a rôle taken by Mme. Ethel Parks, first descended from the heavens and then ascended. It was raised about twelve feet above the stage, and lowered to about six feet from the boards. After her aria, The Queen of the Night is let down, and Mr. Taylor, standing in the wings, has to give a warning to the mechanic under the stage about ten bars ahead, through a speaking tube. Then, about one bar ahead, he has to direct the mechanic to "go" on the thrill. It requires considerable judgment to give the warning and command at the right time, as it must be taken into consideration whether the singer is taking longer than usual, or pausing at times more than others, so as not to have her hoisted into the air in the middle of the thrill! Over and over this was rehearsed, but without The Queen of the Night—just mechanically.

There also is lots of thunder in "The Magic Flute," and to tear off the peals at the right moment is most difficult. Mr. Taylor, the thunderer of the Metropolitan, has to keep a close watch for cues in both the dialogue and the music. This was all carefully gone over at rehearsals.

But more interesting even than witnessing the workings on the stage was watching the executive and artistic mainspring of all this activity, Signor Gatti. Outwardly very calm, seldom raising his voice above a speaking tone, he guarded every detail of the monumental opera production. His orders were given in

a low, musical voice, and he refused to get ruffled, an admirable quality in a man who has to contend with all sorts of "artistic temperaments."

Sitting behind the manager as he stood in the centre aisle about three or four rows from the orchestra pit during a rehearsal, though we could not see his face nor catch his words, we nevertheless soon understood what he was directing. No more eloquent or convincing



White

SCENE IN MOZART'S OPERA, "THE MAGIC FLUTE"

ing shoulders ever addressed an audience!

Just as the conductor directs the orchestra with a baton, Mr. Gatti directs a rehearsal with his shoulders. The popular impresario has his shoulders trained along musical lines, a crescendo movement indicating the affirmative and a diminuendo shrug standing for the negative. When he wants a scene flap hoisted higher he gives his talking shoulders an *elevatezza* shrug, and if he summons a singer down stage he does it in a coquettish or *glissicato* way with those same

(Continued on page viii)



Photo Gould & Marsden
DOLLY SISTERS



Moffett
JOSEPHINE VICTOR



White
MIZZI HAJOS



FRANCES CAMERON

THE HUNGARIAN INVASION

Havadtak rendü letlenuel
Leggyhive, Oh Magyar!
(Wherever you wander
your thoughts turn to
home.)

THESE, the opening lines of a national air, pierce the many-tongued chorus of Broadway. They are stanzas of the "Star-

spangled Banner" and "Marseilles" of a little oval land, whose longest axis lies along parallel 46° North Latitude, and is encompassed by the bowlike curve of the Carpathian Mountains and the Danube River. The greatest amusement street in the world has opened its tired and somewhat exclusive arms to a brilliant flashing creature in scarlets and yellows, one nimble of toe and vivacious of manner, a singing, dancing creature of smiling allurements and abundant temperament, the spirit of Hungary.

The Hungarian invasion followed the Russian invasion and will probably be as sweepingly successful. Quietly it began with Franz Molnar's subtle, powerful drama, "The Devil," that arrested Broadway's vagrant attention and gripped her interest in a night and held it for many months, while rival "Devils," one of the keen, metaphysical kind, the other of the broader, more obvious order, the Satan of comic opera held the stage in two theatres. "The Devil's" heels were trodden upon by "The Merry Widow," gayest, most fascinating of her kind, for whom Franz Lehar provided music that still echoes from the road. An encore being demanded by the public, the composer returned to us this season with "The Count of Luxembourg," containing the novelty of the dance up and down stairs, which proved almost as popular as the famous waltz.

Fericke Boros, an Hungarian actress, came to this country bringing with her Franz Herzeg's comedy, "The Seven Sisters," which Edith Ellis translated into popular success for a long term on Broadway and later into repeated success in the stock theatres. The news that "The Seven Sisters" had been regarmented

in musical form having reached Stony Gap, her estate in the Cumberland Mountains, Fritzi Scheff hastened, with her two maids and her dog, to New York to secure the operetta, into which Miss Ellis had fashioned the comedy with the aid of Charles Hambitzer, the composer. Christening it "The Love Wager," the triumvirate put it forth, the latest caviare of entertainment from the sub-Austrian kingdom.

Through all these products of the Hungarian mind and pen ran the gold and scarlet threads of exotic temperament. Tourists, knowing the rich land of adventure that awaits them a night's travel along the Danube from Vienna, take train or steamer for Budapest, that gay capital which out-Parises Paris. There not necessarily the fittest, but the gayest, survive. There the czardas, most spirited of national dances, is given while the joy of life tingles in every nerve of the dancers and the beholders. There women are chic as the women of Paris, more beautiful, more brilliant, more audacious. There the men are more gallant, more thoroughly permeated with the spirit of medieval romance. In a throng of Hungarians one sees dark eyes, nearly almond-shaped, glowing above high cheekbones, amidst a complexion of the warm, creamy tones of the tropics. These faces are living monuments to the romantic natures of Hungarians. They speak, as do the dark eyes and hair and complexions of the West Coast Irish, of the romantic natures of the crew of the Spanish Armada wrecked off those shores, and who dwelt, married and died on the detaining shores. The Hungarians have an intense admiration for the Turks, whose neighbors they are. They, Sabine-like, rob the harems of their beauties, and wed the daughters of the Moslems beneath their heretic noses.

Thence comes the Oriental strain in the Hungarian blood that reveals itself in the features. Always in the lands where marriages are arranged, there is, as the reverse of the shield, romance, even though it be sought outside the conventional circle of the marriage ring. Therefore is romance in Hungary oftentimes subtle and sometimes charged with tragedy.

The intense patriotism of the little oval land had an exemplar in Louis Kossuth. An unconquerable land, the spirit of its people is untamable. 'Tis this untamable spirit that pulses through



White

Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne
(Douglas Fairbanks)

Act IV. Hawthorne bids the Princess adieux

Princess Irma Augusta Elizabeth Overitch
(Irene Fenwick)

SCENE IN JAMES BERNARD FAGAN'S FARCE "HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A.," AT THE ASTOR



Unity Photo Co.

Margaret Knox
(Gladys Harvey)Dora Delaney
(Eva Leonard Boyne)Fanny O'Dowda
(Elizabeth Risdon)

THREE CHARACTERS IN GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY, "FANNY'S FIRST PLAY," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

its music, kindling fires of patriotism and love in the hearts of those who hear. To the mainstrings of human nature is the appeal of Hungarian music made.

And this applies also to the literature of which Dr. Jokai, the Slav Dickens, and Petoffi, the poet of nature, are the most celebrated contributors.

In its people the naïveté of the child combines with the vital expressiveness of manhood and womanhood. Mizzi Hajos, the little star of "The Spring Maid" company, seemed by her fervor

and crystalline candor, her tenseness of artistic expression, unique, until Miss Josephine Victor stirred audiences by the same superabundant human and artistic feeling. As Arnold Daly's leading woman in "The Wedding Journey," and as the Hen Pheasant with Maude Adams in "Chantecler," and as the young heroine of "The Secret Orchard," the un-American quality of fervid nature was distinctly felt by audiences to which the young actress had transmitted her peculiar histrionic power.

"I like her. She's different," was a comment the writer heard from an habitual and discriminating theatre-goer at a matinée recently.

The same quality was apparent in the dancing and pantomime of Jancsi and Roszika Dolly, the twin daughters of a former

actress of the National Theatre at Budapest and an artist of Hungary. At nineteen these dancers in "The Merry Countess" have had five years of stage experience and the credit of many inventive dances.

Frances Cameron, who plays the second female rôle in the Franz Lehar opera, "The Count of Luxembourg," is by descent Hungarian. Olga Helvai in "The Merry Countess" and Duse D'Iriny in "The Belle of Brittany," breathed into lesser parts the fervid spirit and instinctive artistry of their romantic country.

The Hungarian spirit and presence have invaded, and to a great extent pervaded, the managerial element. Martin Beck, one of the kings in the divided domain of vaudeville, is of the little land of romance, and well known among his countrymen as a man of urbane manner and great versatility in the world of music and drama. Close at his right elbow sits Carlos Feleke, his prime minister, and owner of one of the largest libraries of Hungarian literature on this side of the Atlantic.

To gay Budapest has gone news that America welcomes her plays, her players, her dancers and singers, and consequently to the United States are coming further recruits to the army of invasion, an army whose banners are supple bodies, brilliant eyes and faces that reflect emotion as a mirror flings back a sunbeam.

A. P.

Apeda FLORENCE NASH
Now appearing as Agnes Lynch in "Within the Law"White MADGE KENNEDY
Recently seen in the title rôle in "Little Miss Brown"

IF "a great tenor voice is a disease,"

Titta Ruffo—An Extraordinary Singer

nothing. His offer was promptly accepted. It is

as we are told, then a great baritone must be classified as an exceedingly rare ailment. For, while looking back over musical history, one can recall a number of really great tenors, from Vanelli to Caruso. The great baritones one notes in the same space of time are wonderfully few. Mozart was the first composer who considered it worth while to write any important music for that register, although Handel had introduced a new obsolete "baritone clef." In our own day, since Edouard de Reszké and Victor Maurel made their triumphs, we have some shining lights, such as Amato, David Bispham, Scotti and Renaud; but, in the baritone world, as in the contralto, it is decidedly the case that there is much "room at the top."

Signor Ruffo is still young, as artists go, counting only thirty-five years since his birth at Pisa. He is married and has a son and daughter, but his family are remaining at his Roman home for the six weeks of his American tour. His brother, Ettre, a music teacher, resides in Milan. It becomes doubly interesting, in view of the rarity of the phenomenon, to watch the rising above our horizon of a brilliant baritone star. Titta Ruffo's is, though, no new name either to European or South American audiences. As "the Caruso of baritones," he has held his place in both countries for some years; and no great cast, especially in Italy, has been considered complete without his wonderful voice and his skill as actor. At Monte Carlo, last spring, for instance, he ranked as "special star" with Chaliapine, Carmen Melis and Caruso; at Deauville in the summer, with Marguerite Carré, Delna and Smirnoff. In South America, in the smaller towns, we are told it became customary, before the nights when he appeared, simply to post "Ruffo" on the billboards. Whereupon the impetuous inhabitants of our sister-republics promptly bought tickets without stopping to ask what opera they were to hear!

Wild stories are told to account for his amazing and rapid success.

As a matter of fact, Ruffo's career, as much as is known of it, shows on investigation the same characteristics of hard work, indomitable will and real genius that are so invariably found lurking back of apparently sudden recognition. He was born in Tuscany and when quite young entered the Santa Cecilia Conservatory in Rome. Here the only really unusual feature of his career presented itself. The entire staff of teachers unanimously declared that his vocal equipment was not fitted for the opera. So dismissed, after two years' hard study, with his money all spent, he faced despair. Promptly he turned his back on it and made his way to Milan, to consult Signor Cassini. This teacher, formerly himself a singer, made a specialty of fitting others for grand opera. To Ruffo's joy, Cassini not only reversed the judgment of the Santa Cecilia faculty, but offered, so strong was his confidence in the young man's ultimate success, to teach him for

pleasant, in view of the many stories of the ingratitude of geniuses, to be able to record that Signor Cassini has long since been repaid by his distinguished pupil.

At Rio Janeiro, on leaving Cassini's tuition, Ruffo made his first great success. He extended it rapidly to the other South American cities, notably Buenos Ayres. There, last summer, he was paid \$2,000 a night. Europe, like Kipling's Mulvaney, who "thought small of elephants," looks sharply at new musical celebrities, particularly of the South American brand; so when Ruffo returned to Rome to sing, he was offered \$200 for his first

performance. His acclamation by the Italians was so remarkable that on his third appearance he was paid \$1,400. Since then he has been able to command his own price, not only in Rome, but in Paris, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and London. Mr. Dippel, the impresario of the Philadelphia-Chicago Company, was only able to secure Ruffo's services through the generosity of Mr. Edward T. Stotesbury, of Philadelphia, who personally guaranteed Signor Ruffo's salary.

His voice is what is known as a "high" baritone of wonderful mellowness. To this tone-quality he brings the most facile execution, handling florid scores with the ease of a coloraturist. In "Hamlet," where the composer Thomas has presented for the baritone singer's consideration every variety of work, from the wild abandon of the drinking-song to the tense declamation of the play-scene, Signor Ruffo has made some of his greatest successes. The enthusiasm with which the Paris Opera received his conception of that rôle has caused it to rank among his best parts. In it, he made his first New York appearance on November 19th last, but with



TITTA RUFFO—THE "CARUSO OF BARITONES"

Alice Zeppilli as Ophelia; Mme. de Cisneros as the Queen; Gustav Huberdeau, the King, and Henri Scott the Ghost.

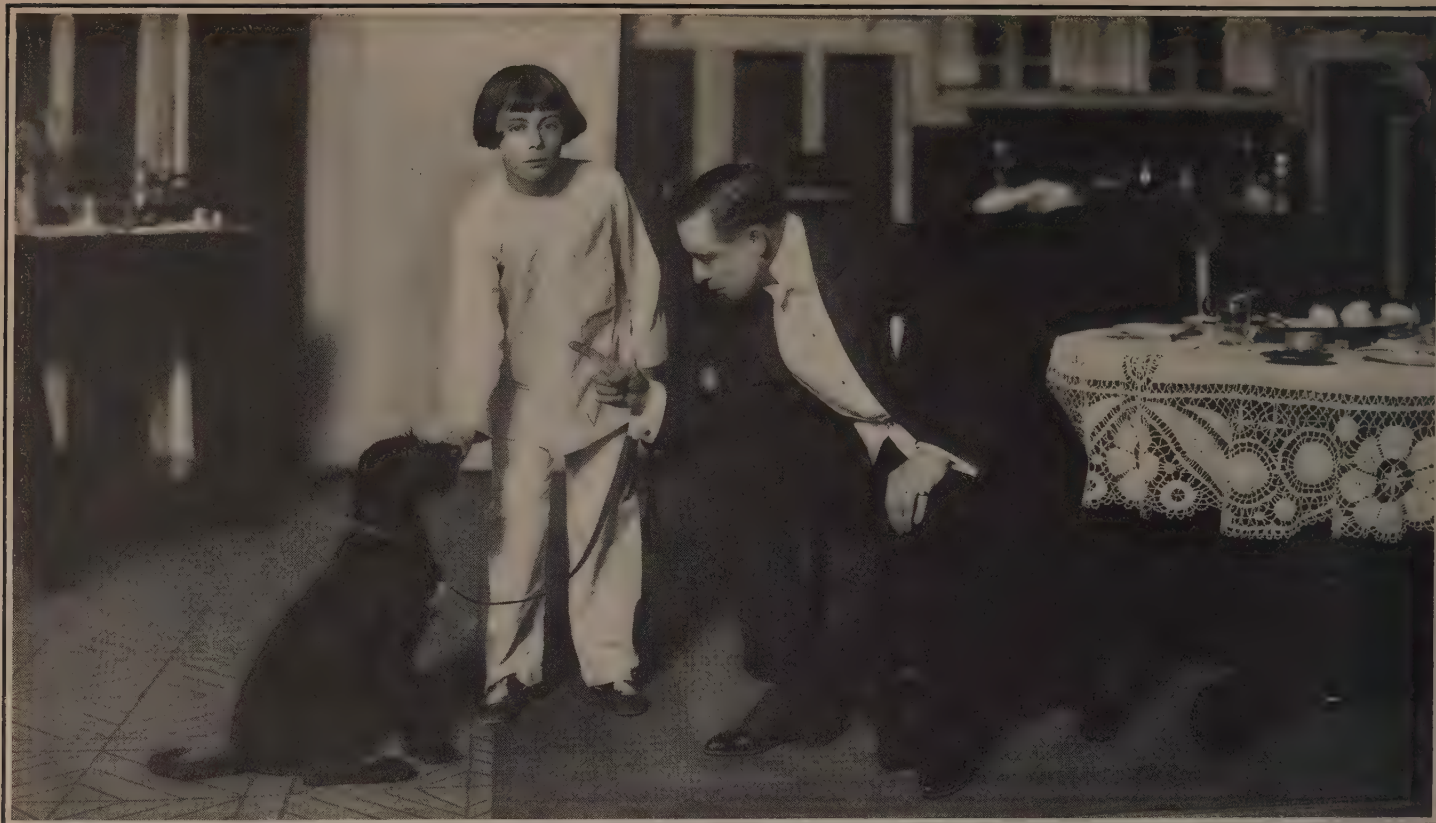
The New York music critics, who are not the easiest in the world to please, concede the newcomer to be one of the foremost baritones of the day. Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, in the *Tribune*, says:

"He is unquestionably an extraordinary singer, extraordinary in the volume and range of his voice, in his command of the technics of singing, especially in his breath-control, in the vitality and vibrancy of his tones, his ability to give them dramatically expressive color, his finished diction. He is extraordinary, too, in his dramatic action—extraordinary from the viewpoint provided by the opera."

In the *Sun*, Mr. W. J. Henderson writes:

"This Italian baritone has certain gifts which will insure him popular favor while time spares him. His voice is a high baritone, and like most voices of its kind is hollow and cold in the low register. But in the middle and upper range it is a voice of magnificent power. It is not warm in quality, but it has vitality and dramatic value. Mr. Ruffo sings with great freedom and without forcing.

CLARE P. PEELER.



"Buster"
(William Collier, Jr.)

Dionysius Woodbury
(William Collier)

Act II. "Buster": "You can't put Herman anywhere; you've got to stay with him"
SCENE IN "NEVER SAY DIE," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE 48TH STREET THEATRE

The Manager's Comedy of Errors

TO err is only human. No one can hope to be infallible. The judgment of most of us is apt to be at fault sometimes. But of all persons as a class who seem to specialize in the gentle art of making colossal blunders, commend us to our friend the theatrical manager.

If a manager launches a play which proves to be a big money maker, the public pats him on the back and says, "Smart fellow!" when the plain truth is that no one is more surprised at the success than the manager himself. It can, in fact, be taken as an invariable rule that the play which the manager is confident will be a sure winner turns out a dismal failure, while the piece which he regarded with contempt and merely tried "on the dog," so to speak, takes the town by storm.

This sounds paradoxical, yet it is absolute truth, and to explain it is simple. There are innumerable kinds of buyers of plays, but there are only two kinds of sellers. Of these latter, one is the genius—the man who can always turn out the play the public will pay to see,—and the other is the person who merely has a manuscript to dispose of. It is obvious that the genius is he whose piece is successful, and equally obvious is it that the other person sells the failure. The average theatre manager is one of the most guileless, innocent creatures on earth,—a mere toy in the hands of the wily person with a play manuscript up his sleeve.

The manager's besetting sin is hero worship. Tell him beforehand the name of the author, and he considers it quite unnecessary to read the play. He professes to know all about it, for or against, merely by hearing who had written it. In other words the manager is a good deal like the race-track gambler, who bets on the jockey and not the horse. The manager "puts a bet down" on the author—and the race horse-man often discovers that the jockey has less brains than the horse. There is an old saying which tells us that certain things

sell like hot-cakes. But a hopeless play by a distinguished author has a

velocity of sale, that makes all mere speed of the hot-cakes variety like unto the difference between a snail and a flash of lightning.

Some of these managerial errors of judgment could happen only in the show business. Take, for instance, that manifestation of intelligence of a certain manager who recently declared that his first night's audience should be by invitation only, on the ground that this was a play for "intellectuals" and not for the "tired business man," etc. Now as the purely "high-brow" element among theatre-goers who pay for their seats is about one in ten, this management was a clean-cut invitation to the submerged ninth to remain away from this purely intellectual play—an invitation that was promptly accepted on the spot, and the play and the company have now gone back to England whence they came, probably to denounce the lack of an intellectual paying public in America. But we dare not print what they may say about that manager:

Then there is another manager whose penchant is for the foreign-made play—anything labelled: "Made in Europe." It is like some men who must have their clothes made in dear old Lunnun, ye know. This manager's estimate of a play's value is of a bad or indifferent play built about a good part and then produced with a popular star as the real attraction. There was a time when this sort of thing "got over," to use the vernacular of the show business, until he was brought up with a sharp turn by producing in New York fifteen foreign-made failures in one season. Since then he has been more careful.

Take also the case of "Within the Law." This piece was produced in Chicago and "did get over," to again recur to the vernacular. But the shape it was in did not entirely please the manager, so he employed another and better known dramatist than the

Opera Porteri

O carmen jadlowker dalmores
O lucia sextetta bizet;
O dippel caruso dolores,
Gioconda, o andré-caplet.

O conti, o eames tetrazzini,
O scotti mascagni farrar.
O gadski busoni puccini,
Calvé constantino, maquarre.

Ah, verdi, pagliacc' trovatore,
Aida fremstad meyerbeer;
Pol plançon—and that tells the story,
The opera season is here.

H. E. PORTER in *Life*.



White

VIVIAN RUSHMORE

Famous two years ago as a beautiful show girl, and now appearing as The Fairy Godmother in "The Lady of the Slipper" at the Globe



Matzene

LAURETTE TAYLOR

This favorite actress is now appearing in "Peg o' My Heart"

original author to write up the play, upon the basis of a percentage of the author's royalty. But as the original author, it is said, had arrived at a point where he had lost faith and was willing to get out, he was induced to sell out for a lump sum, said to be five thousand dollars. After the manager had bought outright the play and had it fixed up, he too lost faith in it, and declared he would sell out for ten thousand dollars, which offer was promptly accepted by the agent. The latter took a fast train for New York and peddled out interests in it to various people. Then the play came and made the great hit of the season. It is further said that every word put in by the "fixer-up" dramatist has been

cut out and yet he is the only one who draws any royalty, and that the original manager has a percentage of this.

Imagine, if you can, a play called by preference "The Beast." A gentle, alluring thing on a billboard, is it not? A curious phenomenon, often remarked, is that when a play-title is put on a dead wall it looks quite different from what it does on a page of manuscript. Now, whether "The Beast" is or was a good or bad play is beside the question. What appeal can there possibly be in such a title as "The Beast?" Still it had possibilities. "The Beast" might be a fighter or a wife-beater, which is what he really was in this case. He shook his wife up, broke up the furniture, and all this the manager decided was to be accomplished by a mild-looking youth, whose personality would not indicate any inclination to swat a fly. Miscasting plays is a favorite pastime in some managerial offices.

There is no doubt that there is a mental obsession about the production of a play by which the manager is hypnotized by some unseen force. There was a play this season called "The Other Man," which grew out of the performance of a one-act play at The Lambs. A firm of successful managers gave the dramatist an order to build a play out of it. He did. After it was all over and the scenery was in the storehouse, some one asked the manager how it happened.

"Well, we put a bet down on the author and his one-act play, which he used as his third act; he wrote two other acts and by the time the original story was re-acted, it was dead."

There is nothing so mysterious about any play that may not be discerned by any intelligent and impartial observer. The obsession in this particular case was that other successful plays had come out of other one-act plays, and this, without any tangible reason must be another. Well, he guessed wrong.

In this same connection take Bernstein's plays. The only success he has ever had in this country was "The Thief," and yet everything that he has written before or since has promptly failed. It is safe to assume that, had these selfsame plays been presented without Bernstein's name on their title pages, no one would have given them a thought. In fact, if all manuscripts were submitted anonymously, ninety-five per cent of all the theatres would be dark continuously. Here is an illustration of how this obsession of past performances works: A coterie of managers were seated at luncheon and naturally the conversation turned upon the supply of available plays. And the shortage in supply was much deplored. One of the party regretted that such and such a dramatist was not more prolific, and that there was the hallmark of genius stamped upon all of his work. One manager demurred and said he was just as capable of writing as bad a play as anyone—given a fair field and no favors. This almost created a riot and instantly led to bets, that this same author's work could be recognized anywhere by anyone.

"All right," said the dissenter, "I'll send you fellers five anonymous manuscripts, one of which I guarantee shall be one of this author's and I'll bet you five hundred dollars you can't pick it out."

"Done!" yelled the chorus.

The manuscripts were sent in and after they had been read the verdict was unanimous that the author in question had not written a line in any one of them. Whereupon positive proofs were submitted that the dramatist in question was the sole author of the worst piece of the lot. The money was promptly paid over and as the winner pocketed the spoils with a chuckle, he said:

"Boys, now listen, if I had read that play anonymously as you have done, I wouldn't have looked at the second act."

The play was afterwards produced out-of-town for two performances and then straight to the storehouse. Which goes to show that the fetich "of what he has done" causes the manager to discriminate against the author and not the play.

Just what the manager is liable to do is like watching a flea jump. Last spring an important manager, just before sailing for Europe, issued a sort of foreword in which he announced that henceforth he could devote the rest

(Continued on page vi)

Music in the Modern Drama

MUSIC and the drama have always been allied, more or less closely, since the inception of the latter art. In modern opera, shaped by the giant hand of Richard Wagner, they are, perhaps, more inextricably interwoven and mutually dependent than ever before. But in the realistic theatre of to-day—a room, as Ibsen would have it, with the fourth wall removed—which mirrors the prose facts of daily existence, and from which the romantic is too rigidly excluded, there would seem to be no place for music. Yet a place for it has been found, and several contemporary American playwrights are now employing it, not merely as the accompaniment and adornment of their scenes, but as the very essence of their drama. It becomes, in their hands, almost a character—at least a commentary. The old Greek chorus makes its reappearance in the guise of music. And here, again, may be discerned the influence of Richard Wagner.

When Wagner perfected his system of leading motives, upon which, as a framework, the structure of his great music dramas is reared, he gave to the world a technical method—it is too fundamental to be called a trick—which has since been adopted and utilized very generally by composers; more rarely, but no less significantly, by dramatists. The American playwright, while studying ever more attentively the technique of the best foreign models, is no longer applying his acquired knowledge to lifeless imitations of his masters, but to first-hand reproductions of the familiar life about him. And in these reproductions technical methods brought from the Continent often suffer a sea change which effectually cloaks their origin. Eugene Walter himself might be surprised to learn that in "The Easiest Way" he has made use of the Wagnerian leading motive.

The mere introduction of songs and music into the drama is, of course, no novelty: Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists of the Elizabethan age—pre-eminently an age of music—have studied their plays with exquisite lyrics intended to be sung to music. Shakespeare's scanty stage directions abound in such orders as "music and a song," "flourish," and "hautboys." Now and then his songs serve to point a contrast, as when Iago trolls his merry catch, "Let me the canakin clink," in the midst of black villainy, or mad Ophelia sings a few gay snatches; but for the most part they are nothing more than unpremeditated outpourings of the poet's own exuberant love of beauty. In like fashion, songs are found in many of the old English comedies. "The School for Scandal" is enlivened by "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen" and "She Stoops to Conquer," by Tony Lumpkin's ditty. But in all these instances the music is inserted frankly for its own sake. It plays only an episodic and incidental part, and is never concerned directly with the dramatic action.

Music is also used frequently to create atmosphere. Clyde Fitch was particularly fond of employing it for local color. When he wrote "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," such songs of the period as "Champagne Charlie," "Those Tassels on Her Boots" and "Captain Jinks" itself had an important share in evoking the vanished atmosphere of old New York. And when he staged the old-fashioned street of Fredericktown, in the dusk of a summer evening, the voice of Barbara Frietchie singing "Maryland, My Maryland" added the final touch to the charming picture. In his delicate comedy of the early sixties, "Trelawney of the Wells," Pinero's insistence on the old song, "Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming," kept constantly before his audience the sentimentality of those crinoline days.

The more dramatic use of music, like so many other good things, had its germ in melodrama. Incidental music from the orchestra, heightening the effect of certain scenes, was formerly the invariable rule in melodrama, and is still to be met with in stock productions and "thrillers" of the cheaper sort. Who has not heard the orchestra break softly and tremulously into "Hearts



White

JULIA DEAN

As Virginia Blaine in "Bought and Paid For"



White

Tilly von Eberhardt
(Dolly Castles)Major John von Essenburg
(Walter Lawrence)Camillo
(Joseph Santley)

Act I. A heated meeting of The Woman Haters' Club. The men absolutely refuse to have anything to do with the ladies
"SCENE IN 'THE WOMAN HATERS,' RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

and *Flowers*" when the stalwart hero begins to tell the fair heroine the old, old tale, forever new? Who is not familiar with those minor chords, plucked out on the strings of the violin, whenever the villain tiptoes stealthily across the stage on mischief bent? For a long time this obvious artificiality was complacently accepted as a stage convention. Indeed, even to-day, it is tolerated to an amazing degree in costume drama, where the sense of actuality is not keen: many recent Shakespearian revivals, otherwise excellent, have been marred by the obtrusiveness of the orchestra and the poet's perfect word music blurred by the strings. Eventually the absurdity of the practice became too patent, in plays which laid even the slightest claim to realism, and nowadays the more intelligent audiences will have none of it. They have repudiated the convention. Incidental music, as such, has gone out of fashion, with the soliloquy and the aside.

Yet the incidental music of melodrama, for all its absurdity, had been undeniably effective. "A really good melodrama is of first-rate importance," says Bernard Shaw, "because it only needs elaboration to become a masterpiece." And the wise playwrights began to elaborate, to cast about for a means of preserving the

effect whilst eliminating the absurdity. An early example of the means adopted may be found in Oscar Wilde's "*A Woman of No Importance*." A soft musical accompaniment was needed for an important scene. The effect sought by the aesthete did not differ essentially from that employed time out of mind by the crudest melodramatist; but, whereas, the latter snatched at it by the means nearest to hand, and simply set his orchestra to work, Wilde placed his scene at an afternoon reception where a new violinist was to be heard. At the proper moment the notes of the violin were introduced, without the slightest strain

upon the credulity, and the audience, its intelligence no longer insulted, was delighted with the result.

There are many instances of a similar use of music in modern drama, where it is of incalculable service to the playwright in sounding the emotional key of his scene. By means of music he may glorify a passage, may endow it with a dignity or a pathos which the bald speech of every day is powerless to impart. And music is peculiarly adapted to such a purpose, since it appeals directly to the emotions, instead of reaching them circuitously through the intellect. Pantomime itself is scarcely more direct or forceful. Perhaps the most familiar illustration is the well-worn scene, perennially popular, where the hero marches off to war, to the inspiring strains of "*Yankee Doodle*" or "*The Girl I Left Behind Me*," and the spectator thrills with an excitement and patriotic ardor which nothing less than music could arouse.

Of course this practice has its abuses. In "*The Princess and the Butterfly*" Pinero deliberately relied upon it to win emotional acceptance for an unconvincing conclusion—the union of lovers so unlike in age that there seemed little prospect of happiness for them. Yet he contrived to cast a meretricious glamor about the situation by smothering it in the joyous, sparkling music of an Hungarian band, which was intended to suggest to the audience that the heart may be eternally young, despite advancing years. No doubt it did suggest something of the sort, but the impression could not have lasted for more than the moment that intervened before the curtain fell. Music is no substitute for sincerity, although it is the powerful ally of an honest situation.

Edward Sheldon's "*Salvation Nell*" furnishes a masterly example of how music may reinforce and emphasize a situation already powerful and sincere. A Salvation



Bangs

DONALD MACDONALD
Seen in "*The Red Petticoat*" at Daly's



Otto Sarony Co.

GEORGE A. MCGARRY
Now appearing in "*The Waltz Dream*"
in vaudeville

Army girl is striving to save the wretched heroine, who is hesitating on the threshold of a life of shame. Hopeless, miserable, her intelligence stunned by misfortune, she must be saved, if saved at all, through her emotions. And as she stands, undecided, at the cross-roads, the Salvation Army band blares out "*Onward, Christian Soldiers*," with a crash of brass and thumping of drums. The strong emotional appeal of the music decides her: she joins the Army. The audience feels the call of the music as Nell feels it, and is made to understand and share in her emotion.

In a scene of this character music attains a position of real dignity as a technical tool. It was not mere chance that the dramatic use of music was discovered after the soliloquy had been discarded as unnatural, for in many respects music has taken its place. How many of our playwrights now reveal to us, through music instead of words, what is taking place in the minds of their characters? An illuminating instance of this externalization of emotion—to coin a phrase for it—appeared in Sothorn's old success, "*An Enemy to the King*." The Huguenot hero has been led to suspect the faith of his lady-love, who is, in reality, a spy in the service of Catherine de Medici. Doubt comes upon him in an old, moonlit garden, through which a troubadour wanders singing of woman's love, now praising it as "true as the stars above," now complaining that it is "deadly as marsh-lights prove." The wavering emotions of the hero are communicated to us through the agency of the song.

In all the examples hitherto cited the music employed has either possessed a perfectly definite and unmistakable connotation, or has been purely descriptive. "*Onward, Christian Soldiers*," through long association, has come inevitably to suggest religion. Sheldon was as certain that the audience would grasp its meaning as was Puccini when he attached the opening bars of "*The Star-spangled Banner*" to the hero of "*Madama Butterfly*" as his representative theme. Military or sentimental music is as descriptive, as easily recognized for what it is, as Wagner's storm music in the first act prelude to "*Die Walküre*" or the forest music in "*Siegfried*," which requires no knowledge of leading motives for its complete comprehension.

But not all of Wagner's leading motives are, or in the nature of the case could conceivably be, descriptive. He uses them to represent things and ideas which it is impossible to characterize exactly in music, such as the "*Tarnhelm*" or the "*Dusk of the Gods*." Unless the dramatist uses music in precisely the same arbitrary fashion to represent abstract ideas, his claim to the title of Perfect Wagnerite is incomplete. Well, in "*The Easiest Way*" Eugene Walter has done exactly this. His own stage directions show how closely analogous to Wagner's is his use of music.

Immediately after Laura's frightful line at the end of the play, "Yes, I'm going to Rector's to make a hit, and to hell with the rest," Walter writes:

"At this moment the hurdy-gurdy (Continued on page vii)



DOROTHY WEBB AND HARRY CLARKE IN
"TANTALIZING TOMMY"

THE coming theatrical season in Paris may go down to green-room

history as the American season, so many plays that originated in this country are to be seen there in translation and adaptation. So many? Well, three or four of which "*Excuse Me*" and "*Baby Mine*" come first. It is, therefore, the farcical sort of play that Paris deigns to take from us. To make over "*Excuse Me*" into a genuine Palais Royal farce no less an author than Sacha Guitry has given several of his vacation mornings. His own success of last season, "*Un Beau Mariage*," will be seen here in exchange, and exchange, as the proverb long ago taught us, is no robbery.

Sacha Guitry, of the tribe of actor-authors, is *sui generis*. For several years a favorite comedian among the Gauls it naturally occurred to him that knowing—as who should know better?—what kind of rôle the Parisian public liked him in, there was no theatrical tailor who could fit Sacha Guitry so well as Sacha Guitry himself. It ought to be difficult to impress a reader of his first attempt at self-fitting "*Voleur de Nuit*" that it owed its origin to any higher motive. M. Guitry is the founder of the school of "blague," and up to now he hasn't enrolled any scholars. His plays are a kind of improvisations in slang—polite

The Apotheosis of "Blague"

Parisian slang (and a little that isn't so polite), that can be compared only to a con-

versation between Weber and Fields. His second piece, which had a brilliant series of representations at the Renaissance last winter, decided the point in the affirmative as to whether or not the Parisians liked this kind of improvising.

"*Un Beau Mariage*," however, was made to be played and not to be read, and, although M. Sacha Guitry may justly be called a writer for the theatre he gains very little more than an acute attention, and he loses a great deal from the perilous experiment

of publication. The story is so slight, the romantic element so slender that in reading it one has to recall the thousand little delicacies, to give them that name, of Guitry before comprehending the enthusiasm of French critics who have found reasons in it for likening the author to Molière. Not, indeed, the Molière of the *grandes comedies*, but the Molière of the farces.

In brief the play recounts the efforts of a rich bookmaker to relieve himself of a daughter of marriageable age returned on his hands by the death of a relative. This interrupts the current of his life and he proceeds to marry her off, selecting for parti an impecunious young nobleman who rents an apartment (but does not pay the rent) in one of his



SACHA GUITRY

This favorite French comedian writes his own plays—improvisations in slang that can be compared only to a conversation between Weber and Fields

houses. The obstacles to the plan are: first, the natural reluctance of the gay, young blade to part with his liberty for even much-needed money; and second, the disinclination of the girl. Each is attracted by the other, however, when the wily bookmaker throws them together and when love, as Guityr conceives it, awakes in their hearts, the girl in a sentence or two confesses that an imprudence has put her out of the class of women that men marry. The count then invites her to elope with him to the Tyrol without further ceremony, and when the heroine consents joyfully, he realizes that she really and truly loves him and he forcibly declares that he means to marry her.

"Oh, why?" cries Simonne, "why marry me?"

"Because," says Maurice, "because I have just this moment realized it,—because getting married is a matter of no importance!"

And so the play ends. It is absolutely plotless, depending entirely on the witty dialogue between these two, and for lack of a more modern name their talk, which is strictly up-to-date, must be termed witty. It has spicy turns—how could it be otherwise—considering that Guityr has uttered *mots* ever since he has been on the stage and knows no other language; it is quick, nervous, living, and what the French call *étincelante*. Moreover, it is as natural as the best kind of improvisation, and if Guityr may not be saluted truly as a new Molière, he may be safely called another Goldoni.

Guityr's success with his feminine public was to be expected. He dominates the Parisian feminine *elegante*. Why not? Under thirty, pleasant to look at, if not handsome, with all the tricks of the *jeune premier* added to a true experience of the theatre, and of a sparkling speech that isn't too intellectual, having tried his speeches over and over again, softened them, turned them inside out, invested them with another meaning, he knows the way to the female heart of Paris. His success with the critics is a more surprising matter. They rather scorned the actor's first attempt as *écrivain* as if he were caught poaching on their preserves; they exclaimed, and they could in decency exclaim over the lack of that trait in his first piece. In the new play they had no equal

opportunity to blush, for except for the incident which is embraced in two or three speeches, that of Simonne's confession, the play, while shocking enough to suit the Gallic fancy, is not enough so to warrant their waving the flag of virtue. In fact they passed over this incident hurriedly as the hero Maurice does, who evidently considers it a matter of no importance—like marriage! They were not shocked at the scene which opens the second act and discloses Maurice (in his pyjamas) throwing pillows at his mistress; they singled it out, indeed, to comment that it was handled with drollery and art. How would that scene go on in our theatre? Probably Maurice would have to put on his clothes—but that isn't a great concession to make in the transfer from French to English.

Messieurs, the interviewers, did not treat Guityr so well. They did things in their hurried way which made him angry and he reflected in a vein of satire: "Do I find the work of writing a play easy? Yes, I swear it. Not only easy, delicious even, and indispensable to my happiness. The proof of this is that the hour or two that I spend getting a new piece on paper, I call my resting time."

One scene of "Un Beau Mariage" will recall similar scenes by Goldoni and Sheridan—recall them by differences which reflect the modern spirit. Those antique playwrights chuckled as their heroes pulled the wool over their creditor's

eyes; the Maurice of Guityr "jollies" his importunate collector in the style of the twentieth century. As this scene has been repeatedly signalled as one of the hits of the play I give it in full. The creditor has forced his way into the apartment and interrupts Maurice and Paulette in their merry pillow chase.

The Creditor (in a loud voice): Monsieur, as I have just told your valet, if you don't pay me in full by Wednesday morning—

Maurice (still louder): In the first place, who are you, and why do you shout like that?

The Creditor: I represent Kahn & Vibert.

Maurice: You have a superb situation; that does not explain your bad temper.

The Creditor: You don't answer our letters, and you never come to see us.

(Continued on page viii)



White SALLIE FISHER
Recently seen in "The Woman Haters" and to appear shortly in the title rôle of "Eva," a new musical comedy



White Mr. C. O. Drudge (Sam Edwards) Mrs. C. O. Darlington (Ffoliot Paget) Mrs. C. O. Dusenberry (Adelyn Wesley) Mr. C. O. Darlington (Charles A. Murray) Mrs. C. O. Drudge (Clare Krall) Mr. C. O. Dusenberry (Charles Brown)
Act III. A general mix-up of husbands and wives in the farmhouse
SCENE IN FREDERIC CHAPIN'S FARCE "C. O. D." RECENTLY AT THE GAIETY THEATRE



Sarony

JULIE OPP
As Portia in William Faversham's production of "Julius Cæsar"

THERE are not many novels of theatrical life that grip one with the impression of

greatness; they all err on the side of the garish, sacrificing character for the sake of external detail. Hence, it is all the more gratifying to read "Carnival," by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, and to feel that one is in touch with life as well as with the forlorn existence of a Gaiety girl. The story is remarkable because of its uncommon psychology, because of the simple poetry of Jenny's nature—a nature brought in contact with all the coarse, loose elements of the chorus profession, and coming out of them with the strength and beauty of innate refinement. On reading the book, one asks instinctively, "Where did Mr. Mackenzie get the opportunity of studying this particular life so minutely?"

Now comes the double announcement that the novelist has turned playwright and actor; that, having converted "Carnival" into a drama, he himself will play opposite Miss Grace George, who has approached the rôle of Jenny as something of a Trilby. "Where," we again query, "did Mr. Mackenzie learn his trade of dramatist, and get his experience as actor?"

Then our misgivings are silenced when we hear that Compton Mackenzie belongs to a family boasting of about fifty actors; that he has the blood and talents of the Siddons and Kembles in his veins on one side, his mother's, and that by his father he is descended from a famous low comedian of Bath named Montague. That, I think, fairly well accounts for his histrionic lineage, furthermore accentuated by the fact that his father, Edward Compton, who was in America some thirty-odd years ago with Adelaide Neilson, still ranks high in the profession as a comedian.

How, then, does he account for his playwriting talents? His mother, Virginia Bateman, daughter of Col. Bateman, who, as former manager of the London Lyceum Theatre gave Henry Irving his first start, was the daughter of the Mrs. Sidney F. Bateman who wrote "Self," a three-act comedy of New York life, revealing the manners, customs, and economics of the early 50's, when Burton, Placide, and Charles Fisher were at Burton's Theatre. This piece contrasts admirably with a comedy of an earlier period by Anna Cora Mowatt, entitled "Fashion."

Col. Bateman was a Virginian, and Compton Mackenzie's mother was born in New York the year that "Self" was produced.

Hence, we see that the author of "Carnival" may claim kinship with America. His great-grandfather on his mother's side was J. Cowell, who left behind him such an interesting volume of reminiscences. In passing, it is well to note that R. C. Carton, of "Lord and Lady Algy" fame, is an uncle, by marriage, of Mr. Mackenzie. This phase of the pedigree, therefore, accounts somewhat for the playwriting.

Finally, it is of interest to trace the literary traditions of the author of "Carnival." His maternal grandmother, Evelyn Montague, who was a famous Juliet in 1837, and who died in 1911, was a great friend of Queen Victoria. It was she who became so closely associated with Charles Dickens in his amateur theatricals—theatricals which brought them all in touch with the one-time famous actress, Fanny Kelly,—a crochety woman

The Author of "Carnival"

in her old age whose boast was that she had been loved by and had refused Charles Lamb. Dickens and

Thackeray were constant visitors at the Mackenzie house. The author of "Carnival" has still another and a closer literary tie. His grandfather, Charles Mackenzie, the first to adopt his mother's maiden name for the stage, was the son of John Mackenzie, whose wife, Elizabeth Symonds, was sister of Dr. John Addington Symonds, a famous scientific writer whose son, John Addington Symonds, occupies a permanent place as a man of letters. This scientific strain may be followed through several generations of throat specialists and surgeons.

But, despite this interesting genealogical glimpse, it must be some satisfaction to Mr. Compton Mackenzie that interest in him came rather from the excellence of "Carnival" than from the variety of his forebears.

Compton Mackenzie has just turned thirty. It was not so very long ago that he was a student at Oxford, and though, while there, he took a very active part in the life of the University Dramatic Society, it was farthest from his desire or intention to go on the stage. The charter of the society allowed the club every year to take the town theatre for one week, provided a Greek play or Shakespeare was presented. The one exception to this rule, probably, was Browning's "Sordello." A distinctive feature of this organization was that professional actresses were allowed to assume the women rôles provided no salary was demanded. Thus the privilege began to be regarded as a mascot, and many an unknown rose to "star" position because of her Oxford début. At Cambridge the rules and regulations for the Dramatic Society are different. All the female rôles are assumed by undergraduates, and they are not allowed to play Shakespeare.

In this pseudo-theatrical atmosphere Mr. Mackenzie found himself. His first year, 1902, he was playing Duke of Milan in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." "Strange," said Mr. Mackenzie, as we talked together, "looking back on that time, I find that all the men who acted with me have turned parsons!" During the following summer, he appeared in pastorals; and as Sir Toby in "Twelfth Night," he played with the present Mrs. Cosmo Hamilton as Viola. The second collegiate year saw him as Gratiano in "The Merchant of Venice," which, he said, "was somewhat of a come-down, since I played Shylock at the age of eight." In 1903, he was rehearsing Touchstone in a performance of "As You Like It," in which Maude Hoffman was Rosalind, when his Don at Oxford sent for him, claiming that if he was to "go up" for honors in history, he would have to drop theatricals. Whether or not his opposition to this plan was sufficient to keep him from taking his fourth year at Oxford, I did not inquire. But the fact is that when the 1904 academic year began, Mr. Mackenzie was not enrolled, contenting himself with minor recognition from the university, rather than a full degree. But when the Dramatic Society reached the period for their play, it was found that Mr. Mackenzie's experience could not be dispensed with, so he was asked, not only to produce Aristophanes' "The Clouds," but to take the part of Phidippides.

In 1904, which year saw him out of college, Mr. Mackenzie went into retreat in Oxfordshire,

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Photo Hoppé

COMPTON MACKENZIE
The author of "Carnival"



PROF. T. H. DICKINSON
Organizer and director of the
Wisconsin Dramatic Society



SCENE IN WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD'S PLAY "GLORY OF THE MORNING"



MRS. E. P. SHERRY
Director of the Milwaukee Pro-
ducing Group

Dramatic Insurgency in Wisconsin

TO build a Greek Theatre on the campus of Wisconsin University, to establish a dramatic conservatory in Milwaukee, to produce and publish foreign and American plays possessing literary value and the modern spirit, to create a more spiritual culture in the midst of Wisconsin's economic and social advancement—an intellectual insurgency sprouting from the same soil on which political insurgency has grown—these are some of the aims, ambitions, purposes and hopes of the dramatic movement centering about Prof. Thomas H. Dickinson of the University of Wisconsin and Mrs. E. P. Sherry in Milwaukee.

Like all things in Wisconsin, the dramatic movement has taken its constituents by storm; it has gone forward by leaps and bounds, for it was only in November, 1911, that Prof. Dickinson published his first call to arms in the shape of an article entitled "The Case

of American Drama." In this liberal-minded paper, Prof. Dickinson declared that when our new drama comes it will be the drama of Young America; that for a century we have been learning the world's lessons, writing exercises in the schools of the old nations. As evidence, he calls to witness the work, in literature, of Hawthorne, Irving, Emerson and Longfellow; and on our stage, of Dunlap, Payne, Howard and Fitch, "skilled journeymen and conformists, who traced carefully the copybooks of their continental masters."

We are told, moreover, that the new art, when it comes, will go below the "culture line," that it will reach fundamentals, that it will aim at substance rather than form, and that it will be throbbing with life and grandly unconscious of itself as art.

Working upon these principles and convictions, Prof. Dickinson organized, less than two years ago, the Wisconsin Dramatic Society, a group of men and women who have no official connection with any institution, but many of whom are students or instructors in the University of Wisconsin. The society has already produced ten plays, six by continental dramatists, including "The Intruder," by Maeterlinck (the first play rehearsed); "The Master Builder," by Ibsen, and "The Mistress of the Inn," by Goldoni, and four plays original in English, including Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband," Yeats' "The Hour Glass" and an American Indian drama by William Ellery Leonard entitled "Glory of the Morning." Two of these, previously unpublished,

have been issued by the society in small paper volume form, and others by Björnson, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Augier, Zona Gale and several others are shortly to appear.

Madison, Wisconsin, the birthplace of the movement, is a peculiar little city. It is filled to the doors with what we of the East, who are not altogether unsympathetic, have begun to call "progressivism." La Follette, Ely, Ross and Commons are its arch priests. The plays written by native poets like Mr. Leonard and Miss Gale are earthy and countrified. They deal with simple folk, genuine "humans," as the latter calls them, and they have a "grip" that is too often absent from our more sophisticated and perhaps technically better productions.

It is, really, the very naïveté of the society which has permitted it to spread across the State, establishing groups for reading and production in many towns, starting libraries, holding meetings, and formulating, without a quaver, purposes so ambitious as those put forth in its little circular in the following "set terms":

- (1) To raise the standard of dramatic appreciation in the community.
- (2) To encourage the support of the best professional plays.
- (3) To encourage the reading of good plays in English and in translation from other languages.
- (4) To encourage the translation, composition and publication of plays of a high literary standard.
- (5) To establish a semi-professional playing group which should present high-class plays at cost price.

The society aims to attack the audience itself, rather than the managers or writers, and so it has begun by organizing its work into three departments. The first of these is the educational department, made up of reading groups; the second the producing department, made up of those necessary for the carrying on of practical theatre work, and the third the publishing department, which is chiefly in the hands of a very few who write, translate, and read proofs. The main library of the society contains all new and important plays and is brought up to date regularly by a fund established for that special purpose. Its contents are at the disposal of any group formed in any part of the State, the members of which pay annual dues of fifty cents. Lectures, given by authorities in various literatures, are offered by the society to the public free of cost and the translation of plays from foreign tongues by members of the

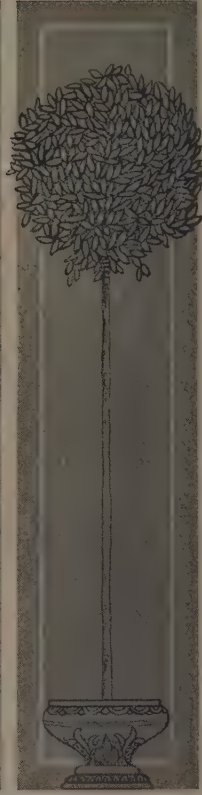
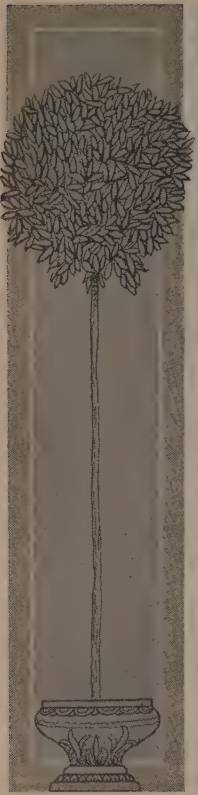
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WILLIAM E. LEONARD
Author of "Glory of the
Morning"



ZONA GALE
Author of "The Neighbors"



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BILLIE BURKE ON THE TERRACE OF HER HOME, "BURKELEIGH CREST," AT HASTINGS-ON-THE-HUDSON

FIVE minutes' spin in your hostess' pearl-hued car, or twenty

The Lady of Burkeleigh Crest

minutes of pedestrian dawdling from the little station along the quaint streets of Hastings-on-the-Hudson, bring you to two low, square, white pillars surmounted by an arch on which is inscribed in neat, brown letters, "Burkeleigh Crest."

Passing beneath this low arch and, spinning, or dawdling, up a narrow, curving drive, you are at the entrance of an old-new stone house, square and broad and low, and many gabled, before a wide and hospitable door from which the mistress of the "Crest" is more than likely to issue to give you hearty welcome.

She is an informal hostess. To her home at Hastings she bids only such guests as dislike ceremony and seek the instantly radiated atmosphere of home. If you are one of these she will greet you with both hands outstretched, and, whatever the hour, you are likely to find her in a runabout suit of broadcloth, perhaps a burr or two sticking to her skirts, a lump or so of red clay adhering to her stout boots, and she will be wearing a sweater. The suit may be white, the sweater pink, and the boots russet, but they are vastly becoming on our hostess and seem to belong, somehow, to the welcome.

"I don't ask anyone to come here who is not homey and informal," says the little Titian-haired mistress of Burkeleigh Crest, "and who doesn't care for space and out-of-doors."

To test our eligibility she is sure to whisk us down the hill, like an inverted bowl, to look at her play places, a Japanese house high in a tree, and a swimming pool. Last summer she stationed the tall, dark-haired, gray-eyed girl whom she has adopted as a sister—it seems absurd when

but nine years separate their ages, to say daughter,—of a morning in the quaint Japanese-tree house while she took her morning dip in the pool. If "Cherry," leaning from her tree-top house, whispered excitedly, "Billie, dear, there's an automobile behaving as though it meant to come in here," the splashing stopped, Billie darted through the water and presently a dignified figure in a blue kimono walked in leisurely fashion by a side path to the house on the hill. There are other Japanese houses, five of them dotting the sloping lawn. One on the side of the hill is a tea house, where chat and tea are served on a hot afternoon. That sometimes the tea drinkers, suddenly grown prankish, set down their tea-cups to dash across one of the tiny bridges that cross the little stream that feeds the pool, or that some, grown sentimental, lean above the bridge railing and quote verses, never disturbs their hostess, who, though so young, wears the mantle of a placid manner.

The grounds of most country homes acquire a sombreness from stately old trees and from the changeless background of other hills. The young mistress of the estate at Hastings corrected this. Youth prompted the half-dozen Japanese huts and the wee bridges, no two of the same color, giving an aspect of playfulness that defies the trees, heavy with the weight and dignity of their hundred years.

With two white poodles, Tutti and Frutti, and a black, Sammie, imperiling one's life and limb by romping around her feet, the guest follows Billie Burke into a wide foyer, from which a white staircase on the right leads upstairs, and the end of which, through an open, square arch there is view of the dining room, square-tabled, with high-backed, carved chairs and broad, low



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BILLIE BURKE WITH HER PET DOGS



Moffett, Chicago

A NEW PORTRAIT OF BILLIE BURKE

This popular young actress is now playing the title rôle in "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl"

windows everywhere. The young mistress, abominating heavy effects and dark colors, this entrance hall is white, as to woodwork; and the walls, ceiling and the doors light, for a stream of light pours from a drawing room at the left, through doors that are long, many-paned windows, screened by curtains of pale, transparent silks.

The long drawing room, with its piano, its tall, Venetian lamps, its chairs and davenports, sumptuous but comfortable, in ivory and gold, looks at end and side into the long, curving room that is half conservatory, half sun parlor. White wicker chairs, upholstered in light-tinted chintzes, mingled their invitation with rest-offering palms and the wholesome odors of chrysanthemums.

The light colors and joyous tone of Burkeleigh Crest appear strongly accented in the handsome dining room, where sideboards perform their function of flashing back silver and glass instead of oppressing one with sombre color and enormousness of weight. High at the windows swing hanging baskets of ferns. Wide friezes in green and white show woodland scenes, nymphs bathing, naiads dancing, and sunlight flooding forests of young trees.

Passing the upstairs suite in pale yellows occupied by her mother, the blue room of her "little girl Cherry," and the guest rooms in cream and mauve, one reaches the suite of Burkeleigh Crest's young chatelaine.

Marie Antoinette in her Petit Trianon had not such a chamber as this. Pink like a rose's heart or a sea shell's core, touched here and there with white, it holds all the luxury any girl could ask or wish.

Beside the ivory and rose-colored bed, canopied and lace draped, is a desk in those colors. Along the long French windows that form one wall of the room stretches a white cane divan piled high with pink and white silk cushions. A few athletic strides from the luxurious couch is a white dressing table, lace draped and ribbon tied.

In the large, white room beyond is sunken the huge marble tub, shining with the brass fixtures of its deluging shower. At the right is a room bewildering as a shop on Fifth Avenue or the Rue de la Paix. Delicate girlish gowns, those in pink and white predominating, hang here, gowns like still-blooming roses enmeshed in a first frost; gowns counted not by one, but by



Sarony

DORIS KEANE

As Mimi in "The Affairs of Anatol," recently at the Little Theatre

the dozen or score. And beneath them, along low shelves, satin shoes smug on their trees and above on shelves hats and hats and hats, hats plumed and hats flowered, hats of shining splendor and hats of Quakerish simplicity, all becoming and Billie Burkish, a multitude past counting, for she has admitted that she buys at least one new hat every week.

There is a large library, not gloomy, but to which light is admitted by many a skillfully contrived window. There's a billiard room and bowling alley. There are twenty-two apartments, six bath rooms and countless windows.

"It's worth driving forty-five minutes every night after the play," asserts Miss Burke of the ancient house she has transformed into a modern abode, and who so hardy as to question her wisdom? The tramp in the woods, the packing lungs with fresh, leaf-scented and Hudson River tinged air, the sleeping where rain falling upon the roof sings your lullaby, the being far enough from the modern Babel to escape frequent telephone calls, absence of shriek of trains and whistle of engines and clangor of backing bells, these are worth a midnight dash along the road where Ichabod Crane rode, even though one be exhausted after a performance of "Mind the Paint Girl."

Especially if one loves wide spaces and wood scents, the heart of quiet, and the companionship of the real in people and things, as does the lady of Burkeleigh Crest.

ADA PATTERSON.

Commenting on the enacting of sacred subjects in the "movies," the *Church Times* of London says:

"The old feud between the Church and the Stage has brought us to a curious development when we are tickled by the very condescension of the drama in touching the things which belong to our faith. I am sure that this lies behind much of the enthusiasm which has been shown by many clergy for the cinematograph representations of Scriptural events. But if we think it out, the real value of the Scriptural events lies not so much in the outer manifestations of the Scriptural incidents as in the profound meaning which lies behind them. The mere outer events may excite a sort of sentimental attention and interest, but so far from this being the sole end of religious development it is a positive danger."

TWO BROTHERS

IT was after a somewhat indifferent performance of "Hamlet" that I left the trolley at Grove Hall Station, resolving to walk home, a mile farther on, and muse on the great players I had seen enact the Prince of Denmark.

It was a glorious moonlight night, and all the old villas and newer apartment houses were flooded with a silvery radiance. Many changes had come over the landscape since I knew it first as a boy, when the farmers hereabouts drove into town with their produce to retail at the early city market. Then it appeared far distant from urban life, but now it is within easy reach of the centre of the New England metropolis, of which it is a part. Dorchester is no longer a country town, it is losing much of its rural beauty, and, it may be said, much of its Puritan narrowness, now that it is the district of a great city. It has, however, a place in history that even the fame of Boston cannot shake.

As I strolled on thinking of Macready, Murdock, Davenport, Forrest, and other celebrated histrions I had seen, I found myself in front of a two-story, red, wooden farmhouse, an incongruous relic of the past, with narrow-paned windows and an antique porch. It stood on the brow of a hill, and I halted a moment, to contrast its old-style humbleness of architecture with that of some of its more pretentious neighbors, with their well-kept lawns and wide-spreading driveways. While thus engaged I became conscious of the approach of a man whose almost noiseless tread reminded me more of spirit-land than solid earth. As he came near a low, musical voice said:

"The air bites shrewdly, neighbor, it is very cold."

Replying in the same vein and wishing to humor the strange intruder I said:

"It is a nipping and an eager air."

"Ah! I see you know your Shakespeare," returned the voice, the owner of which I had not thoroughly scanned.

I turned to look fully at my uninvited, weird companion and beheld a man of hardly medium height, with glorious dark eyes, set in a pale, intellectual face, and with a wealth of silken hair falling from beneath a picturesque sombrero. He was wrapped in a voluminous cloak of a kind long out of fashion, which added to his romantic and novel appearance. His movements were singularly graceful, and his walk had something of the measured tread of the old school classic tragedian, who in stately blank verse recited the aspirations and desires of the character he portrayed.

"I live here temporarily," he said, "for I love the country. I was brought up on a carelessly ordered farm in Maryland, and the associations of boyhood cling around one often, after one has advanced into the wide world and has to fight life's battles upon the mimic scene and elsewhere. I am an actor, as my father was before me, and with the unconventionality of my profession, I always give a stranger welcome. Will you come in?"

I hesitated and he continued. "My friend, I am not playing Iago to-night, but I am lonely and feel the need of male companionship, and but for Mary, my wife, who is sick upstairs, I would find the earth very stale, flat and unprofitable. I have met with many triumphs, but I stand aloof from ordinary intercourse with my fellows, as most men of genius do, but to-night I long for intercourse with one of my own sex, and I divine you have a sympathetic nature."

My curiosity overcame my reluctance to accept the unexpected invitation, and he, seeing that I no longer held back, threw the front door of the cottage open, and, as he did so, said:

"And what so poor a man as Hamlet may do to express his love and friendship to you, God willing, shall be freely given. Let us go in together."

We entered a room cosy and comfortable, and befitting in its



White

GAIL KANE

As Bianca in Schnitzler's play, "The Affairs of Anatol"



Bangs

FRANK REICHER

Now appearing with Annie Russell's Old English comedy company

White

ELIZABETH NELSON

Seen as Margaret Elliott in "Ready Money"

Moffett

WILLIAM COURTENAY

Played Stephen Baird in "Ready Money" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre

furnishings, the simple character of a rural home, and he threw aside his cloak and revealed a figure that lacked pronounced masculinity, but was perfection in its beautiful and sinuous outlines. Where had I seen it before? In what far-distant period of a youth that I now no longer possessed?

When my host had returned from a neighboring room with a decanter and glasses the present had vanished, and I was a guest of Edwin Booth in the early days of his marriage with Mary Devlin, who, from his Juliet on the stage, became in reality his wife.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink," he said with humorous pensiveness. "I seldom now apply hot and rebellious liquor to my blood, but in my earlier manhood, not so far distant, I was a somewhat reckless bacchanalian, and was wont to listen to the cannakin clink, clink, clink far past the chimes of midnight. I bought my experience early, for I soon discovered that too much conviviality in my profession spelled ruin, and that the quiet companionship of a good woman, that one really loves, is far more alluring than the noisy revel and the wanton jest; but alas, nothing lasts. The law of change is inexorable. Its enforcement goes on with tireless severity. I am by nature a moody man of imagination all compact, and to me there is no past, no present, no future; my whole life is spread before me indefinitely, like the landscape yonder which reveals shine and shadow at the same time."

"It is a beautiful view you have from this site," I remarked, not knowing exactly how to reply to his strange assertion.

"You may well say that," he returned. "Come and look at it from the back of the house. You see

hills and dales stretching to an arm of the sea, with scarcely a habitation save here and there an old homestead which speaks of the early settler, yet all this will disappear as with a wave of Merlin's wand."

"Not, I think, in my day" I faintly remonstrated, somewhat awed by the spectre-like appearance of my host, that fascinated while it repelled.

He evidently noticed my timorous attitude for he replied: "Thou lily-livered boy, thou shalt see much more."

Was I indeed the boy he called me, and not the aged man who had passed his portal a little while before? I wondered if youth

had come back to me like it did to Faust at the behest of Mephistopheles, for I felt many years younger than I had for a generation. Was there some potent quality in the liquor I had drunk that imparted a youthful vigor to my frame and sent my blood tumultuously through my veins? At any rate, he treated me with an amiable condescension that showed me he regarded me as his junior by many moons.

"Have you seen my younger brother, John Wilkes Booth, now playing in Boston? His is a sad destiny I fear, for he has something of the fervor of my father, about whose frenzy before the footlights so many fabulous stories have been told. John is jocund and buoyant now, but wait. Mary and I saw him perform Richard, Duke of Gloucester at the Museum the other night, and he certainly has the rare dramatic instinct of his great sire, but he is still crude, and his pronunciation! Well, it does not betray the student, and at times grates harshly on the scholarly ear. He is a man of reckless activity, who must be doing constantly something good or ill. (Continued on page x)



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Manager's Comedy of Errors

(Continued from page 20)

of his life to elevating the stage by producing musical comedies. In midsummer he returned and with a great blare of trumpets announced the coming production of four of these stage idyls. As we write it is still early in the season, and all four of them are in the storehouse. This, of course, is tragic, but here is the comedy:

"Dearie," said the same manager to an agent, "don't bring me any more musical things. I wouldn't produce one if you gave it to me. If you have any good plays, send them to me."

Of course, every one has noticed the epidemic of "sheep mind" that breaks out perennially in the managerial world, particularly in the spring of the year, when sheep are troubled with "ticks." It broke out a year ago in the form of the Oriental drama, the first of which was "The Garden of Allah"; helped by an extraordinary production and a collaborator it really achieved a triumph. Immediately there came "The Arab," about a Bedouin. Its fate proved that there was just as much draft in an Arabian hero as in a red Indian, a negro, a Japanese or an Esquimaux. This year it is all about the Flowery Kingdom. The fashion for the atmosphere of these plays sort of came in with Mandarin coats for the ladies. So we have "The Daughter of Heaven," of gorgeous costumes, and a "Romeo and Juliet" story from the French, without Shakespeare. Its early unfriendly reception cut off the production of another Chinese play, but "The Yellow Jacket" is with us, and we are threatened with "Turandot."

Then there is the book obsession. So long as the book has been "a best seller" it is deemed available for stage use. Any careful analysis of what is good on the printed page and what may be good drama does not seem to be a factor in deciding upon the merits of the proposition. Judging from the results of these "book-plays" their demerits seem to be the manager's point-of-view. The latest example of this sort of thing was "The Ne'er-do-Well," an unfortunate title for a play, in any case. So far, all of the novels written by Mr. Rex Beach, when translated to the stage, have turned out to be melodrama, and not overly good drama at that. It is inconceivable that a successful melodrama may be written unless the action turns upon a strong woman's part. However, there is an old classic called "Julius Caesar" by a man named Shakespeare, in which there is no such woman's part. But this is the exception that proves the rule, and it is not an exception that extends to anything Mr. Beach has written. In "The Ne'er-do-Well" there was a married woman, the heroine, almost old enough to be the hero's mother, and a little South American señorita, so colorless that no manager would have paid over twenty-five dollars for the part. This señorita Mr. Klein wisely cut out, leaving only the wife, who falls in love with the hero, whom she should have truly regarded as a brother. The dramatist's job is never to fight the prejudices of the public, but always to enlist its sympathy, particularly if he has his hands full in fighting the prejudices of the manager. Why look for more trouble? we ask. There being no sympathy enlisted for the principals in this play whence comes the success? And yet all these conditions in the novel should have been so clear to any expert mind that it seems incredible that so much capital, time and energy should have been wasted upon so hopeless a proposition. Mr. Klein's verdict as the production is gathering dust in the storehouse is this:

"It made a rotten play." But he is cheerful and optimistic, and says: "Never again!"

Of course, we do not pretend that there is any fixed standard by which the failure or success of a play may be predicted, but most of the bad plays are so obviously bad that the wonder is what any manager had seen in them.

"The Trial Marriage," for instance, notwithstanding that it runs counter to public sympathy—inasmuch as the principals defy the laws of marriage, and as a sop ends with the conventional wedding ring.

Is there a remedy for the elimination of these queer plays from presentations? Hardly. There will always be failures, because it is human to err. But there is an underlying cause for the unusual conditions prevailing in the theatre today. In the first place there has been an insane over-building of theatres, and consequently an over-production of plays by the individual manager. Instead of one manager pro-

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ducing fifteen plays in a season, there should be five managers producing three plays each. Our readers may inquire why there are not more managers. The answer to that is, that the theatrical business is a trust-ridden business. The aim of each trust is to keep it a close corporation, in which the principals reserve the best opportunities for the insiders and all the worst of it is given to the small dealer. After a man has handled the hot end of the poker for a little while he naturally lets go.

As to over-production by the individual manager—think of a manager who rehearses one play at 10 A. M., a second at 2 P. M. and a third at 8, all with one stage manager, whose brain is reeling from fatigue and overwork! Can any one doubt the fate of the majority of the plays so produced?

Mr. Belasco is accounted a genius in staging a play, but the greatest mark of his genius is that he does not allow himself to be over-produced. Mr. Belasco lives with a play at least six months before it is rehearsed, and by that time he has gotten himself inside the very soul of the play, and becomes the *alter-ego* of the original author. If Mr. Belasco allowed himself to produce fifteen plays a season, he would turn out just as many hopeless plays as any other manager.

There are some managerial mistakes that have become classics. We might mention again Mr. Daniel Frohman's error of judgment in the case of "The Lion and the Mouse," the profits of which built three theatres for Mr. Harris and enabled Mr. Charles Klein, the author, to build a motor boat fifty feet long on Long Island. The melodramatic farce, "Officer 666," looked to be such a joke that even the author had no confidence in it, and after the first rehearsal Mr. Cohan wanted to put it in the storehouse, and even objected to having his name attached to it as one of the producers. We might also mention "The Butterfly on the Wheel," which, after having been produced by Charles Frohman with the wrong woman in the cast, was sold by him, including all the scenery rights for the play, for \$4,500 to Mr. Lewis Waller, who produced it in New York and who is now making a fortune out of it on the road. The whys and wherefores of these humorous errors of judgment on the part of managers is one of the fascinations of the game of producing plays. X. X.

Music in the Modern Drama

(Continued from page 23)

in the street, presumably immediately under her window, begins to play the tune of 'Bon-Bon Buddie, My Chocolate Drop.' There is something in this rag-time melody which is particularly and peculiarly suggestive of the low life, the criminality and prostitution that constitute the night excitement of that section of New York City known as the Tenderloin. The tune, its association, is like spreading before Laura's eyes a panorama of the inevitable depravity that awaits her. She is torn from every ideal that she so weakly endeavored to grasp, and is thrown into the mire and slime at the very moment when her emancipation seems to be assured. The woman, with her flashy dress in one arm and her equally exaggerated type of picture hat in the other, is nearly prostrated by the tune and the realization of the future as it is terrifically conveyed to her. The negress, in her happiness of serving Laura in her questionable career, picks up the melody and hums it as she unpacks the finery that has been put away in the trunk."

Here Walter has used "Bon-Bon Buddie," so to speak, as a "Tenderloin motive." Not otherwise does Charpentier introduce "the call of Paris" into his opera "Louise." Yet "Bon-Bon Buddie" would not necessarily suggest to an audience all that it suggests to the author, just as the mysterious strains with which Wagner represents the Tarnhelm would have no exact meaning for an auditor unfamiliar with "The Ring." The association of the idea with the music is not already formed in the mind of the audience. The author himself must establish it. How does Walter accomplish this? In precisely the same way that Wagner accomplished it.

Bernard Shaw gives a concise description of Wagner's method: "The main leading motives are so emphatically impressed on the ear while the spectator is looking for the first time at the objects, or witnessing the first strong dramatic expression of the ideas they denote, that the requisite association is formed unconsciously."

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Dramatic Insurgency

(Continued from page 27)

society is especially managed. Besides the plays already mentioned as having been produced, the directors announce that they are preparing to give Rostand's "The Romançers," Hauptmann's "The Weavers," and one of the plays of Ruth-erford Mayne, of the Irish National Theatre Movement. Additional plays, typical of the history and traditions of Wisconsin, are also in preparation.

B. RUSSELL HERTS.

Rehearsing Grand Opera

(Continued from page 13)

animated shoulders. Right at the outset it was apparent that Mr. Gatti's shoulders were several laps ahead of his vocal apparatus, for while he was framing instructions in so few words they would shoot out a wireless message which told everything he wanted to say to those on the stage. His assistants and the singers on the stage have learned to watch his shoulders the same as the orchestra players watch their conductor's baton. Really, Signor Gatti's shoulders can carry on an extended conversation in a dozen different languages.

When asked how long he rehearsed his artists, the director replied:

"Until they are perfect in every detail of the performance to be presented. That's where the hardest work is done. Before the season opened we had as many as forty-five rehearsals in one day. We started in at nine o'clock in the morning and were still at it at midnight, not even being interrupted for meals.

"Sandwiches are the best we get on such occasions, and we are mighty grateful for that much. The public would have a grand laugh if it could see its favorites pouring out their golden notes to a slice of bread and ham. But the artists never make a protest. They are willing to repeat a thing over and over again while there is a chance of improving the production.

Mr. Gatti had no sooner said this to me at one of the final rehearsals of "The Magic Flute" than he jumped up from his seat like a skyrocket. His eyes glowed like live coals, and his shoulders, *fucoso*, did a fandango that threatened to send his waistcoat up over the top of his head. It took ten minutes for him to get them under control again.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

The Apotheosis of "Blague"

(Continued from page 24)

Maurice: You never give me a chance, you're here all the time, but don't bother about that; what is it you wish?

The Creditor: The money you owe us.

Maurice: Where is the money?

The Creditor: I know nothing about that.

Maurice (looking in his pockets): Neither do I. How much do I owe you?

The Creditor (fumbling in his pockets): Nine hundred francs.

Maurice: Are you going to lend me that sum?

The Creditor: I'm looking for the bill.

Maurice: I'm not making a collection.

The Creditor (produces it): Here it is, nine hundred francs.

Maurice: Nine hundred francs of what?

The Creditor: Of furniture.

Maurice: What furniture?

The Creditor: Chairs—

Maurice: What chairs?

The Creditor: These two armchairs and—

Maurice: These two? It's dear!

The Creditor: Dear?

Maurice: Yes, dear, very dear!

The Creditor: When you bought them a year ago—

Maurice: Did I buy them a year ago?

The Creditor: You certainly did.

Maurice: Then they're mine?

The Creditor: No.

Maurice: Then they're not mine?

The Creditor: No!

Maurice: Oh, if they're not mine then I won't pay for them.

The Creditor: They are yours because you have used them.

Maurice: They've been used?

The Creditor: Certainly; they're unsalable now.

Maurice: Unsalable? Then, I won't buy them.

The Creditor: It's too late.

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Maurice: Who can prove that I haven't paid for them?

The Creditor: What's that?

Maurice: Surely you've 900 francs in your pocket?

The Creditor: Of course I have.

Maurice: Perhaps they're mine!

The Creditor: Oh, come now!

Maurice: I would as soon pay twice as once. Where is my check book? (He goes to his desk.)

Would you prefer a check or silver?

The Creditor: A check, if you please.

Maurice: I, too (he tears out a check). Here is a check for 900 francs.

The Creditor: Thank you, sir.

(He extends his hand to take the check, but Maurice puts it behind him.)

Maurice: On second thought I prefer to pay all at once.

In our day the first duty of an author is to be sympathetic. The people of Guitry's play haven't any ideals, neither do they speak ill of life. They are optimistic always, and very indulgent to the most erring men. They say whatever comes into their heads, like spoiled children. They are always laughing—indeed, they find goodness extremely amusing, and faith and virtue, too, are awfully funny things. Perhaps as they do not censure, they should not be censured. Paris enjoys "Blague," and encourages Guitry to keep in the full tide of it. He has surely arrived. *Il plait aux femmes et aux dieux.*

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The Author of "Carnival"

(Continued from page 26)

during that time writing poems, which later, in 1907, found their way into print. It was in 1906 that he was married, and in 1907 "The Passionate Elopement," his first novel, was begun. In 1910, meeting Hall Caine, the latter considered Mr. Mackenzie just the type wanted for a priest in "The Bishop's Son," a dramatization of "The Deemster." "That was my first professional appearance," he claimed. Then he modified the statement, for he recollected how, in 1906, when he was nearing twenty-four, he was called upon hastily to play Charles Surface while his father's company was appearing in Edinburgh, the next evening applying himself to Bob Acres with scarce sufficient preparation, meanwhile rehearsing Young Marlow for Wednesday and superintending a play of his own—an eighteenth century comedy, "The Gentleman Gray," which his father had accepted.

After his experience with Hall Caine he wrote the book for a "Revue," somewhat similar to the *mélange* given us at the Winter Garden, and he helped to rehearse the corps de ballet. There it was that he found Jenny, the heroine of "Carnival"; there it was he learned his background so well.

"I wrote 'Carnival' twice over in three months," he ventured. "I believe, after a piece of work, in resting, but when I do once get down to my desk I write very rapidly. In six weeks I have written seventy thousand words, and subjected them to close revision. The dramatization of my book was suggested to me by Gerald Du Maurier. Obviously, it was a play for a woman, and Miss George's interpretation is all I want. I have been interested, all during the preparations for my play, in watching the graciousness of Mr. Brady; whatever suggestions he has offered have been good ones. I suppose I have managerial blood in me which makes me sympathize with a producer.

"Now, there is one thing certain. In no Bohemian tale can you ever hope to have a conventionally happy ending. Look at 'Tribby' and 'Old Heidelberg.' My play ends as the book ends, with Jenny's death. In the first act the scene is in the theatre behind the scenes, just as the curtain is going down on the ballet. Beginning in a blaze of light, the act ends with the one lone gas jet in the centre of stage, symbol of the poor girl's life. The second act is the studio of Maurice during the celebration of Jenny's birthday. Herein the audience sees the tragedy of poor Jenny's love brewing. The third act is a dramatization of the chapter entitled 'The Tragic Loading,' wherein Jenny marries Trehwella, the man whose jealousy and coarseness results in the girl's final scenes with Maurice and the final tragedy. In bare outline 'Carnival,' does not seem particularly original. The mere plot is drab and disagreeable. But as



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in the novel, so in the play, the effects depend on delineation, on close psychology and poignant refinement. Those who read 'Carnival' and those who go to see the play, expecting sensation, will be disappointed. As a book, 'Carnival' is a greater plea for the humanness of the chorus girl than Pinero's 'The "Mind-the-Paint" Girl.' There is poetry in the part, not stark realism, or even sheer theatricalism. The novel is rich in character—a most difficult story to put in play form. It even is not fortunate enough to have such a distinctive stage personage as Svengali, nor has it such picturesqueness as Trilby. Mackenzie by temperament is not as Bohemian as Du Maurier; tragedy is imminent from the first page of 'Carnival.'

"My next book," said Mr. Mackenzie, "will be called 'Sinister Street,' and will deal with the underworld of London. This time I shall try to give an elaborate study of a man, carrying him through Oxford and through the usual intellectual and romantic adventures of his kind."

I did not ask him whether the new book would be brighter than "Carnival" and more hopeful. But, looking back on the personality of the man himself, with his gleams of humor and his serious approach toward all things, I believe his answer to such question would be something like this: "Life, after all, has no end save in death; and art, dealing with life, must simply break off, giving one a consciousness that life continues after the book is through." Mr. Mackenzie, I believe, is one of the younger group of English writers who sees the ironies of things, and sees them tragically.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

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TWO BROTHERS

(Continued from page 32)

as an outlet for his turbulent spirit; but he is wonderfully handsome."

The sound of a vehicle stopping at the front door and a manly tread on the threshold soon brought into view a young man, somewhat taller than my host, but bearing an unmistakable resemblance to his elder brother.

"Well, Ned," said the newcomer in a breezy tone, "I told you I would come out, and, like our friend in 'The Duke's Motto,' I am here. What brought you out into this wilderness and into this primitive establishment?"

"Never mind, John," my entertainer replied, as he grasped the visitor's hand. "If you could live long enough you would ride here by electricity, but, my dear boy, you will never comb gray your crinkly locks."

"So be it, Ned," was the answer. "If the stars have said it, a short life and a bustling one for me. I see you have a young guest. Let me drink to his prosperity. But what makes him from Wittenberg, Horatio?"

"Nay, ask me not; he is a truant dispositioned student, apparently, who has just dropped in to ease my blueness, and no doubt thinks he is blessed in being in the company of an eminent actor, so called by some, but regarded by others as only a shadow of his illustrious father, Junius Brutus Booth. When he comes to know the footlights as we do he will learn that there is more of prose than poetry in a stage career, and that illusion's perfect triumphs are realized only by hard work and constant study."

As I made no observation the younger man exclaimed:

"I am not a modest daisy. Give me glory at any cost. The ambitious youth, you know, that fired the Ephesian dome outlives in fame the pious fool who raised it."

"Take care, John, said his brother, that is a dangerous belief to entertain; it can only lead to grief and disaster. As for me, give me the man who is not passion's slave and I will wear him in my heart of hearts; you know the rest. The Horatios in life, however, are like angels' visits. I wish you well, John, and would banish from thy footsteps all the shadows of impending evil, but I dread and regret your unchecked impetuosity; it may resist all barriers and drive you far beyond the bounds of reason."

"Away with melancholy forebodings, Ned," was the reply. "They seldom come true. Why, when I faced a Boston audience for the first time I was woefully afraid of failure, for my more distinguished brother, Edwin, had preceded me in the modern Athens. I got through all right, however, with the public, though some of the critics damned me with faint praise. But how is Mary? I hope she is enjoying this retreat."

"Well, waiting and fearing, as we all do in this transitory life. I pray fervently that the end will see her a happy mother."

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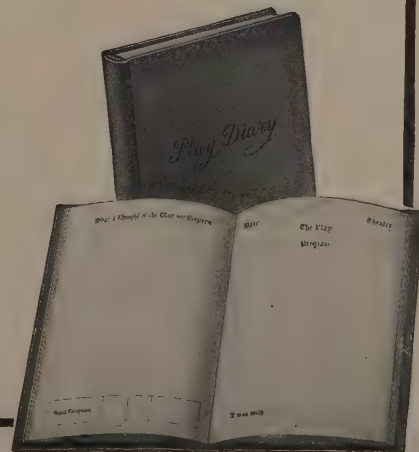
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"Well, hope for the best, Ned. I myself, as I have said, do not care what happens to me, if I leave an imperishable name. Who is this that thus bescreened in night now stumbles on our councils?"

Just then a rap came on the door, and when it was opened a fantastic figure, clad in a garb half masculine and half feminine, stalked in.

"Meg Merilles, by all that's elfish," said the younger brother. "Give you good den, fair gentlewoman, what can we do for you?"

"Dinna ye ken, I'm on my way to market from my farm in Milton," said the woman. "My mare Janet has gone lame, and seeing a light in the house I thought you would not refuse me shelter for awhile, until the deer has really come and can find some one to help me with my load. My gude mon is dead, and I must take his place now, even if my neighbors among the Blue Hills do call me uncanny."

"You are welcome to sit here," said my host, "until the morn in russet mantle clad climbs o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill; then we will break up our watch, for we must have a little of the sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care. So they take you for a witch, do they? By St. Patrick it's lucky we are not living a century or two ago, when in Boston women were persecuted for practicing what was called witchcraft. But have a glass of wine to warm the cockles of your heart, old dame."

"Nae, nae, I might take a little of the barley brew an ye had it, but wine is nae for the likes of me who has to travel these lonely, hilly roads at night. I always carry some Scotch with me in my plaid, for I go daft with the cold. So here's to your very good health, gentlemen, though I who am cursed with the gift of second sight can see that there is not much happiness before you. You will meet," she said, turning to Edwin, "great affliction, and that soon; it will not bring reproach upon you; it will sadden your life, but not disgrace it."

"But what will become of me, old soothsayer?" said the younger brother. "I do not think I will ever be bowed down by weight of woe."

"I can see you in a great theatre on a gala night. You are armed, and with the cunning of a madman you slay the head of a nation. It is nae in a play, either, but in direful reality, and your death will come in a hopeless fight for life."

"I think your vision is a little awry from the old Scotch you have imbibed, my good woman. You see some other fellow's fate. I am too good-natured to kill."

"It is so written, mon, and you will think you are a patriot and drag other people down in your ruin, only to create a night of horror which will shake the world."

"Edwin, Edwin!" came a gentle voice from upstairs. "Make the poor creature stop her raving by holding no further parley with her until she is ready to depart. Edwin, Edwin!" came with more persistent iteration, and then I found myself on the piazza of my own house, gazing down into the well-populated valley, where Gentile and Jew, Celt and Teuton, Greek and Norseman, were living together in apparent harmony in what was once an old country town. Wonderful is the phenomena of dreams and their rapid action. In my comparatively short walk home I had passed through the scenes just related while I moved on mechanically to my destination. Were there any spirits about that produced this unconsciousness to obviously outward surroundings? Who knows?

My wife was at the door. She said, "Are you not a little later than usual?"

"Maybe so," I answered. "The waits at the theatre were long to-night, and we had to play many selections to keep the audience in good humor."

"Oh, I wish you were anything but a performer in an orchestra, so we might have our evenings together, now that we are declining into the vale of years and the glamor of the playhouse has departed."

"Why, have you felt more lonely than usual to-night, my dear?"

"Well, no, I have found much entertainment in recollections of Edwin Booth and of his first wife, Mary Devlin, who died here in Dorchester nearly fifty years ago, soon after she had passed through the pains of motherhood."

"Do you believe in telepathy?"

"Perhaps; but why do you ask?"

"Because you and I have been in the same company. I slept as I walked, and I knew nothing of the present until I saw the lights in the hall shining on your face."

"That's passing strange."

"Yes, my love, but you know there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

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OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT ^{MAGAZINE} FOR THE NEW YEAR



This toque of black satin is trimmed with a crown of skunk and a mount of aigrettes placed at the back to shoot still further backward

IS a woman ever too engrossed with social duties to defy the lure of the shops? The social engagements follow one another in reckless rapidity right after the holidays, pushed somewhat by the fact that Easter is unusually early this year, but to offset them there are eye-opening bargains in the shops which tug on the pursestrings so persistently that the normal woman could not resist them though she desired to do so. The shops do not even permit a breathing space after the holiday rush, for before the New Year has been properly heralded they are offering alluring ways of spending the Christmas checks, and many others in addition. One suddenly develops so many wants that she positively can't do without—it would be fairly indecent to attempt to do so.

FOR THE SOUTHERN INVASION.

Many women are planning to cut short the social whirl and enjoy the gaieties of the sunny South, where the warm sun, the brilliant blue skies, the balmy air laden with sweet scents, and the carol of the birds call one to life in the open. It is so delightful to frolic and be happy in an early springtide when one's friends are fighting frosty blasts, wading through slushy streets and braving all the terrors of winter. As Paris set the pace last summer for furs when the days were warm, and even hot, there is no reason why any woman should forego the pleasure of wearing her stunning new furs during her southern sojourn. Thus the last objection to a trip southward has been done away with, for it was a hardship to send to the storage all one's lovely furs before the trip.

There is nothing more fetching than a gown of the sheerest fabrics partially hidden beneath the enveloping scarf of fur, and the furs this season are so voluminous and luxurious that they give to the simplest creations an air of smartness and chic which could be secured in no other way. Take, for instance, an ermine scarf, such as the one in the photograph; it is quite elaborate and voluminous enough to be dignified by the name of a wrap. The long ends can be draped around the figure until only the merest glimpse of the gown is shown beneath them. One of these ends is finished with skunk, a striking combination with the unspotted ermine, which has now quite ousted from favor the spotted variety, and tails of the ermine add their charm to the other end. A new note is struck by the large collar of the skunk nestling closely to the throat as if it had to protect it from the nips of Jack Frost. Tails likewise finish the white silk cords which draw this collar close to the neck. The muff is a large square one with a bushy tail of the skunk on one end and a cluster of ermine tails on the other. A goodly sum would change hands for a wrap of this type, but it would open the eyes of the god of envy at any fashionable southern hotel.

On the other ermine wrap shown in the photograph the tails are cleverly used to complete the drapings in the back. On this garment the collar of skunk is a most imposing addition, falling in a long end in the back well below the waist line, and in the front to the girdle. The barrel-shaped muff, which many couturiers claim is newer than the pillow muff, is carried with this costume.

For those to whom sums of three figures loom large, there are

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A dual effect is shown in this frock of Nell rose charmeuse combined with gray brocaded velvet. The overskirt of the velvet is finished with skunk fur and falls over a plaited skirt. The upper portion of the waist is of the brocaded velvet, with long sleeves attached to a low shoulder seam. The vest of dotted net matches the collar, which softens the deeper collar of charmeuse

any number of chiffon scarves, shirred and draped, and finished with bands of the fur, to wear over evening frocks. Large, enveloping ones of brocaded velvets, displaying wondrous colorings in the raised designs, can be draped cleverly around the figure, and are exceedingly becoming when finished with white fox fur.

If one has a well-stocked wardrobe there are not many neces-

sary additions before the trip southward. A suit of serge—preferably white or cream—is always a good purchase. The skirts will be quite as narrow as those worn this winter, the suggestion of additional fullness being simulated by the draperies and plaits which are strong features. So persistent is the vogue for fur that some of these suits are being fashioned with strips of the fur at the neck and finishing the cuffs. One of the well-known shops is making a specialty of these serge suits for the southern exodus, and are fashioning them after their late winter models with suggestions from across the seas. The Eton jackets are asserting themselves and sharing the honors with the cutaway effects and even with the Russian coats.

THE EVER-NECESSARY BLOUSE.

You will feel very much more comfortable and ready for any occasion if you provide yourself before the trip with plenty of blouses. There is a charming fad just at present which calls for a blouse of brilliant coloring with the white serge or ratine skirt. A fetching little affair of Nell Rose chiffon has a deep yoke effect of shadow lace, which is embroidered with white beads. The long shoulders are simulated by a pointed collar of Colbert lace which is extended in the back into a very deep collar on the sailor order, enhanced with embroidery of gold thread. Although the description may sound a bit complicated, the blouse is a lovely creation, well worth the \$32.50 asked for it. Another dainty confection which could be worn with a skirt of almost any hue is of flowered chiffon in the soft subdued colorings which are quite as artistic as if an artist had washed them in with his brush. The chiffon is draped in surplice fashion, displaying a vest of lace in the delicate écreu tints. The fullness which is promised in the sleeves this spring is heralded in the soft puffs of chiffon finished by a deep frill of lace. This dainty little blouse is selling for the ridiculously small sum of \$15.00.

Another is just like a cloud of blue, a blue as pure as the robin's egg. The soft folds of the chiffon are draped gracefully over the shoulder, permitting the vest of white chiffon with tiny blue buttons to show itself in the front. These drapings are brought together at the waistline by a buckle-like arrangement of white chiffon, caught on either side by the blue buttons. The elbow sleeves are loose, pretty falls of the blue chiffon finished with a deep cuff of the white chiffon. A prettier blouse to wear with a white suit, whether of serge or charmeuse, would be hard to find, and yet it bears the reasonable price tag of \$15.00.

Another striking bargain is a blouse of cream chiffon, deliciously soft and foamy in appearance like a fleecy cloud. There is a strip of moleskin finishing the high collar, another strip edging the long sleeves, and a third strip intermingled in some curious way with the front fastening of the waist, which seems to be accomplished by tiny buttons covered with the chiffon. It is just as chic as it can be and can be bought for \$6.50. Another in wistaria chiffon, with the new epaulette effect over the shoulders, enhanced with gold thread embroidery and a touch of white at the neck in the V-shaped vest of net, is marked at \$4.50.

COSTUMES FOR THE SOUTH.

The suits of brocaded silks, the crêpe meteors and charmeuses, and even the velvet costumes, are in great demand by the woman who is planning her southern wardrobe. While the conservatively dressed woman will choose a suit of gray, taupe, or wistaria, if she has not already decided upon black, the woman who goes in for the latest styles will insist upon one of the brilliant colorings, cerise, sulphur, emerald green, Chinese blue or royal purple. There are several features of the suit shown in the accompanying photograph to recommend it. The drapery in the back is a decidedly new departure, and yet a most becoming one, for women still delight in the straight, unbroken lines in the front of the gown. Motifs of braid mark the drapings of this cerise brocade costume and are used to outline the slightly raised waist line as well as to fasten the coat in the front. The three-quarter sleeve, which is favored over the long sleeve by some of the best French de-

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Try it. See what a delightful feeling it gives your scalp, how alive it makes it feel. Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and use it for a Shampoo.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.



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For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. F., Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O.



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An enveloping and voluminous wrap of unspotted ermine. One end is finished with a wide band of skunk fur and the other with a fringe of ermine tails. The high collar of skunk is held close to the throat with white silk cords weighted with ermine tails. The pillow muff of the ermine is trimmed on one end with a skunk tail and on the other with a cluster of ermine tails. White osprey decorates the white plush hat.

signers, is finished by a deep cuff of moleskin, matching the shawl collar.

Vying with the brocades are the suits of silk éponge, charmeuse, silk ratine, embossed éponge and other fancy weaves of soft silks which lend themselves to draping and plaiting in an ideal manner. Some of these suits are made to wear with blouses of chiffon or silk, while others are the so-called three-piece type. The gown shown in the photograph belongs to one of these three-piece suits, and here we have not only the combination of two

contrasting materials—charmeuse and brocaded velvet—but two different colors, gray and the new Nell rose. The Nell rose, charmeuse underskirt shows the new plaited effect; over this hangs the overskirt of the gray brocaded velvet, shaped at the sides to display the vividly colored charmeuse veiled with chiffon, and finished with a wide band of skunk. The flat effect, which is so desirable over the shoulders, is procured by having the upper portion of the waist and the sleeves all of the brocaded velvet, the sleeve being attached at the low shoulder seam and confined at the wrist with buttons. The vest is of dotted net, matching the collar, which partially hides a deeper collar of the charmeuse.

Another very simple, but very charming, little gown for the South is of white charmeuse combined with white chiffon. The underskirt is of the charmeuse with an overskirt of chiffon reaching almost to the bottom of the gown, open in the front and rounded at the sides, and bordered with an inch hem of the charmeuse. The blouse of chiffon is draped to display a vest of the charmeuse with buttons of the material, which continue in a straight line to the bottom of the skirt. A bit of color is introduced by a fold of blue satin which edges the charmeuse girdle and a garland of pink roses which serve as a fastening for this girdle. It is youthful, even girlish, yet it is decidedly chic.

THE DAINTY TOUCH AT THE NECK.

Above all else have plenty of neckwear on this southern trip. A fresh neck fixing, better still, a novel one, will do wonders in giving a blouse, which may have begun to show wear and tear, a rejuvenated appearance. One of the newest and prettiest collars for the tailored blouse is fashioned from black moiré, and consists of a stock of the moiré, over which falls a plaited frill of écreu tinted lace. The wide bow of the moiré attached to the stock in front is plaited and held on either side by slides of the moiré. It is trig and it is smart, so that the price of \$3.50 is not by any means expensive. On much of the new neckwear bows with long ends of taffeta or moiré in brilliant colorings, particularly the reds and cerises, are very effective. The latest notion is likewise to use the écreu-toned lace for frills at the neck or cascades to fall in flimsy softness over the gown. Another new fad is introduced on an effective neck fixing by having the rolled collar of flowered taffeta, with folds of the blue taffeta extending to the bust line. On either side, plaitings of shadow lace fall in such profusion that they cover the entire front of the waist.

FOR LIFE IN THE OPEN.

With every siren of nature calling one into the open there should be a goodly supply of sporting togs. And the women who go in for sports insist upon being correctly attired. With the knowledge that their appearance will not call forth any adverse criticism from the audience, they can go in to win with all their might.

For tennis and golf, the suits of striped flannel are very good to look upon. It is very necessary to buy a good quality of unshrinkable flannel. What is more heartrending than to take the time and spend the money to have a blazer suit made and then find that after the first washing or cleaning it has grown so small that it is impossible to wear it? An excellent grade of unshrinkable flannel is now on the market and sold under a well-known brand name. A large variety of designs and colorings are shown, and a suit of this material, fashioned with the jaunty blazer-style jacket, is just the thing for the courts or the links. If, on the other hand, you prefer a skirt of homespun for the links the waists of flannel are very comfortable, and many ardent sportswomen believe cooler and more healthy than linen or silk. These should be made very plain, buttoning in the front, with a convenient patch pocket at the side, set in sleeves finished with a turnover cuff, and either a low collar or a stiff linen collar or stock.

For that glorious exercise, horseback riding, there is a new habit which attracted all eyes at the Horse Show. It is quite different from the regulation long coat, which is worn with the knickerbockers. The coat, which may be of broadcloth, melton, cheviot, or any of the English cloths used for riding habits, reaches only to the waist line, in the front, with the square coattails in the back.

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The clever draping of the unspotted ermine in the back distinguishes this wrap. Tails of the ermine finish these draped ends. A contrasting note is lent by the deep collar of skunk. The barrel-shaped muff is fashioned from the spotted ermine

It fastens with six buttons and is cut in such a way that it displays the waistcoat of white piqué finished with a black satin Ascot. The English apron effect gives an up-to-date appearance to the skirt. Those who prefer the more conventional togs can order the single-breasted cheviot coats and Ascot ties of white piqué. The safety skirt, which instantly releases the rider in case of accident, is always a safe style to choose.

ACCESSORIES—DAINTY AND NECESSARY.

It is the little touches that always count—that distinguish the woman with a talent for smart dressing from the woman who just

clothes herself. And it is the former who has bought to take south with her flowers as perfect as those she will find there growing in profusion all around her. The so-called preserved flowers need fear no rivals in Nature. Have they not the same fragrance, the same moist, "alive" feeling, and the same beautiful coloring as those fostered by Nature? And yet they will last years after the others have given their beauty to the world. The process whereby violets and roses are kept as lovely as we find them in the hothouses is a secret one, and has been brought from Bohemia, where it was jealously guarded by the titled people of the Continent.

For \$2.50 it is possible to buy a bouquet of violets whose scent, "feel" and naturalness will defy the closest scrutiny, and just think what a saving on the pocket-book, only \$2.50 for a bouquet that will last for three years at least. For \$1.50 you can secure the most exquisite rose and bud. The women of Paris and Vienna have fairly lost their hearts to this lovely flower, either in the pink or the Maréchal Niel shades. The latter is particularly effective against dark furs. For the same price there is the delicate Cape Jasmin gardenia, with soft blendings of yellow to make it more desirable and newer than the waxy white blossom.

For decoration purposes, there are the glorious American beauties and the beautiful bridesmaid roses which will shed their fragrance in the dining-room or drawing-room every day of the year if you desire them to. Six dollars a dozen is a very modest sum for a perpetual floral decoration.

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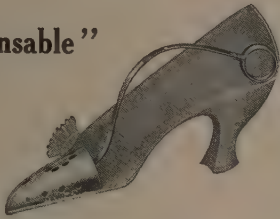
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A unique and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.



Reception costume of cerise brocade with novel drapings in the back, the effect on the skirt being continued in the jacket. Motifs of braid are used as trimming to mark the slightly raised waist line and to fasten the coat. The three-quarter sleeve, set into an enlarged armhole, is finished with a cuff of moleskin to match the shawl collar

while we sleep; a bottle of liquid powder, which is so nice for the neck and shoulders, as well as the face; a bottle of liquid rouge, so natural in tint that it defies detection; a packet of fine face powder, half a dozen antiseptic face cloths, and two of the delightful face sachets. All of these are well packed, so that the jarring during the journey will not work havoc.

In the desire to protect and beautify the complexion you should not forget the hands, for it is in the hands quite as quickly as in the face that age gives away our secret. In fact many observing men have declared that they could always tell a woman's age, despite the youthful appearance of her face, by her hands. A woman doctor who has realized this truism is endeavoring to keep her sex from a betrayal of this kind by her excellent preparations for the hands. Her thorough knowledge of medicine has enabled her to compound pure and efficient preparations in which only the best of materials are used. Amongst the number is a lotion to keep the hands soft and white and to heal any chapping or roughing. This sells for fifty cents a bottle. Another preparation will remove any stain under the nails and keep the cuticle in a good condition by removing the dead cuticle, which should never be cut except by an expert. It will also remove the stains which often come from kid gloves, especially black gloves, when the hands are carried in a muff. A bottle is well worth fifty cents. To tint the nails and polish them at the same time, she sells for fifty cents a liquid to be applied by a camel's-hair brush. It not only gives to the nails a pretty, rosy tint, but strengthens them as well. For the traveller, who is naturally on pleasure bent, it is most convenient for the polish it lends to the nails will be retained for two or three days. If you prefer the powder a box will only cost you twenty-five cents, and you will find it free from all grit and an exceptionally attractive-rose tint.

The prettiest face in the world can be spoiled by a poor figure. It seems such a pity that anyone should suffer from a bad figure these days when ingenious contrivances are found everywhere to give good lines. Some of them, to be sure, are more or less awkward, others are uncomfortable, but there is one on the market which is well worth trying because it is ideally comfortable, easily adjusted, and produces the long lines which nature in her happiest moments gives to a selected few. For the stout woman it serves as an admirable brassière, while to the slender figure it gives the curves which may be lacking. It can be worn with any corset, and there is a flexible inside brace which makes it possible to adjust it any distance away from the body, thus allowing for deep breathing. As there is no pressure—how could there be, for the brace is flexible and comes in contact with the front corset bone only—it has found great favor with singers.

It has another good feature in that it does not cave in, either under or over the bust, as is so often the case with bust supporters, especially when the wearer is seated. As there are no straps over the shoulders—it is fastened by means of safety pins at the sides of the corset under the arms—it can be worn with the most décolleté gown. A dollar seems a very small price to give for an article which can do so much in improving the appearance of the average woman.

THE CULT OF THE BAG.

The very newest idea in bags is the bag of black moiré. While there is a certain sameness in the material there is a wide variety of shapes and sizes from which to choose. The majority of the recently imported bags are blessed with very frank openings so that you can see the entire contents of the bag at a glance. One particularly good-looking bag is fitted up with all the little vanity necessities. As the bag flies open the mirror is revealed on one side, while on the other side there are compartments for the powder puff, cardcase, etc. Such a bag can be secured for \$18 to \$20, at least this is the price in Paris, and our shopkeepers generally manage to about duplicate them.

A round bag—or rather one resembling a flattened circle—has an inch-wide plaiting of the moiré all around it as a bit of decoration; others have a very much deeper plaiting. In fact one bag, which was hardly larger than an oblong purse, had a plaiting of the moiré fully eight inches deep. To add the finishing touch you should have one of the new marquissette monograms.

The bags, which take their shape from the old-fashioned reticule, are likewise exploited in moiré with gold, or French gilt, frames at either end and a gold bracelet to slip on the wrist.

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How Sheldon Writes Plays

"My first idea of a play," said Edward Sheldon to the *Dramatic Mirror*, "comes to me as a whole, complete. It is like vaguely remembering the play seen a fortnight before, as if by a casual playgoer. I have an intuition of the underlying idea which is to give unity and coherence to the whole play. To this basic idea, as to a magnet, the plot and characters are drawn. I mean, the idea demands certain types of characters, a certain kind of a story. I do not see an individual character which interests me tremendously and then evolve a play from it. I do not, again, catch a hint of a story in the newspapers or from my personal experience and then elaborate it into a well-rounded plot, using my characters illustratively. Rather, the entire play is before me when I begin to write, and by the idea of it as a whole my bulky material of many months' subconscious thinking and observation is wielded into definite form. I do not try to make any narrow, intellectual point. The play grows naturally from the germ idea. My meaning is that I do not assemble chaotic, scattered bits and organize them mechanically by rules and, as it were, from the outside, into a finished play, but that I proceed from a centre outward, from a completed entity that is vague and confused to a completed entity that is clear and consistent."

Thank You!

EAST MACHIAS, ME.
December 4, 1912.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.,
New York City.

Dear Sirs:

Please accept my congratulations upon the December number of THE THEATRE, which is simply superb. From text to advertisements, from cover to cover, it is the best single magazine number I ever have seen, and in the course of a long life I have seen a great many.

MAUD ELMA KINGSLEY.

New Victor Records

The new records by Titta Ruffo, the great baritone, issued on a special list in November, have met with tremendous favor. The sensational success of this artist in his appearances in Philadelphia, New York and Chicago in "Hamlet," "Pagliacci," "Trovatore," "Masked Ball" and "Rigoletto," has caused an unusual demand for his records.

BARBIÈRE DI SIVIGLIA—Largo al factotum—Rossini.

PAGLIACCI—Prologo, Part I—Leoncavallo.

PAGLIACCI—Prologo, Part II—Leoncavallo.

GIOCONDA—Barcarola—Ponchielli.

GIOCONDA—O monumento! Act I—Ponchielli.

DAT CANTI D'AMORE—Canzone—Ettore Titta.

A "MASKED BALL" AIR BY CARUSO—"Ballo in Maschera"—Verdi. Richard, Count of Warwick, falls in love with Amelia, the wife of Reinhart, his secretary and intimate friend. This love is returned, but the wife's conscience troubles her, and she consults Ulrica, a sorceress, hoping to secure a drug that will cause her to forget Richard. Ulrica sends her to gather a certain herb which will prove effective. Richard, who had also gone to consult the astrologer, overhears the conversation, and follows Amelia to the magic spot. Amelia's husband, who has come in search of Richard to warn him of a conspiracy to assassinate him, now appears, and Richard makes his escape, after requesting Reinhart to escort the veiled lady to her home without attempting to learn her identity. On the way, however, they are surrounded by the conspirators, and Amelia is revealed. Reinhart swears vengeance on his false friend and joins the plotters. At the Masked Ball Richard is stabbed by Reinhart, but the dying man declares the innocence of Amelia and forgives his murderer. This number is sung by Richard in the second scene of Act III. The unhappy Governor has resolved to tear from his heart this unworthy love, and to assist in this endeavor he has determined to send Reinhart and his wife to England.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY AIR BY MAUD POWELL, Violinist—"Have Pity, Sweet Eyes!"

TWO CHARMING CHILDREN'S SONGS BY SCHUMANN-HEINK—"Barbchen 2. Schlafliedchen"—Hermann. Those who are familiar with Mme. Schumann-Heink's delightful rendition of old German songs will realize what a treat is in store for them when they see announced these two quaint and lovely songs of childhood. They are sung with a caressing tenderness quite touching and beautiful to hear.—*Advertisement.*



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Forecast of Spring Fashions	Feb. 15
The earliest authentic news of the Spring mode.	
Spring Patterns	March 1
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Spring Dress Mat. & Trimmings	March 15
How the Spring models shall be developed.	
Spring Millinery	April 1
The newest models in smart hats, veils and coiffures.	
Spring Fashions	April 15
The last word on Spring gowns, waists, lingerie and accessories.	
Bride's	May 1
Late Spring fashions and special bridal interests.	
Summer Homes	May 15
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Summer Fashions	June 1
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European and Travel	June 15
Where to go, how to go, what to wear and how to wear it.	
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The correct wardrobe and equipment for all outdoor sports.	
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AT THE OPERA

(Continued from page 8)

Queen looked regal, but did not sound it. Huberdeau was good as Claudius, and Henry Scott sang well as the Ghost. Campanini conducted with his usual dash. But the whole opera is deadly dull and the evening was a bore save when Ruffo occupied the scene.

To return to the regular Metropolitan performances, "Parsifal" had its usual Thanksgiving Day performance, in which there was a new Amfortas, Hermann Weil, who sang and acted with all the traditions of Bayreuth, where he has frequently sung this part. As Kundry, Fremstad was superb, burying even the memories of her previous interpretations of this part.

The same wonderful 'artiste, Fremstad, also sang a Brünnhilde at a "Götterdämmerung" performance, which was stupendous. She seems to grow in leaps and bounds with every appearance. "Madama Butterfly" and "Koenigsinder" served to re-introduce Geraldine Farrar, completely rested and singing much better than she did last season. "Tannhauser" had an admirable performance, with Slezak in the title part and Destinn as Elizabeth. "La Gioconda" proved that Caruso's voice is more heavenly in quality than ever, and "La Bohème" emphasized this impression. In the latter there was a new Mimi, Lucrezia Bori singing this part for the first time here. She was not entirely at her best, though her lapse from her own standard was caused by fatigue, as she had sung in Boston the night previous. But she gave promise of being unusually satisfying in this part under more favorable circumstances, acting it most effectively.

A surprise was offered in "Faust" when Slezak sang the title rôle for the first time in his career in French. Admirable diction, impressive acting and a generally convincing interpretation, with adherence to many French traditions—these marked his Faust. Farrar was a ravishing Marguerite.

Then there was a first of this season's performances of "Die Meistersinger," and it proved disappointing. Jörn was too matter-of-fact and too unromantic. Destinn was hardly up to her mark. Weil was an amiable Sachs, but vocally not very impressive. And Hertz conducted with rather a heavy hand, so that much of the charm and most of the poetry escaped. The one really happy spot in the performance was Goritz as Beckmesser, whose characterization of this crabbed critic was worthy of a niche by itself.

And then Adeline Gneeve has come back and has danced at the Metropolitan, although not a member of that ensemble. This remarkable dancer again proved, after a year's absence, that there is but one Gneeve. She is mistress of an art that appears to be all her own. Other dancers manage to convey more emotion or make more sensational impressions, but Gneeve is mistress of the art of classic ballet dancing. She does not rely upon bare feet and legs, she simply dances. Scarcely touching the stage, she floats rather than dances her way to the footlights. She appeared in divertissements and in a pretty ballet called "La Camargo," illustrating an incident in the life of Camargo, who was the favorite dancer of Louis XV. She was ably assisted by Miss Schmolz and Mr. Volinine, both of whom have danced here last season. Nahon Franko conducted an orchestra in incidental music, and the whole affair was delightful.

In concert halls there has been a continuous hum of music making. Nearly every important artist has stayed here long enough to make an appearance or two, and has then dashed East, North, South or West to garner golden grain as the result of his laurels earned in New York. So there have been concerts without end, but only a few may be touched upon here.

"Eva," the new music drama by Franz Lehár and Glen MacDonough, is a radical departure from the typical musical play. It tells an intensely dramatic story. The early scenes are laid in a glass factory in Belgium and most of the characters are workmen. The heroine is a work-girl, the godchild of the laborers. Her love for a gay young Parisian who falls heir to the glass factory is the main theme of the play. The first act shows the interior of the factory, the second the garden attached to the mansion of the factory owner, and the third the apartment of an actress in Paris. Miss Sallie Fisher will play the part of Eva. The company will include many favorites and an ensemble of one hundred.

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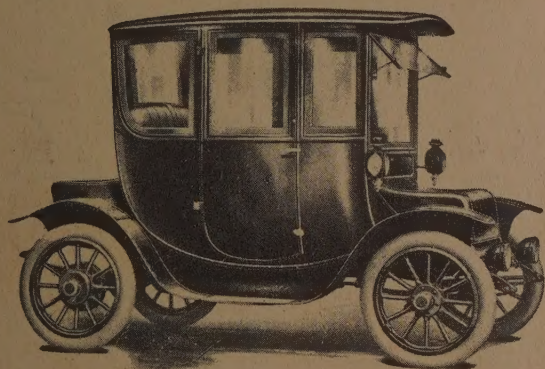
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